

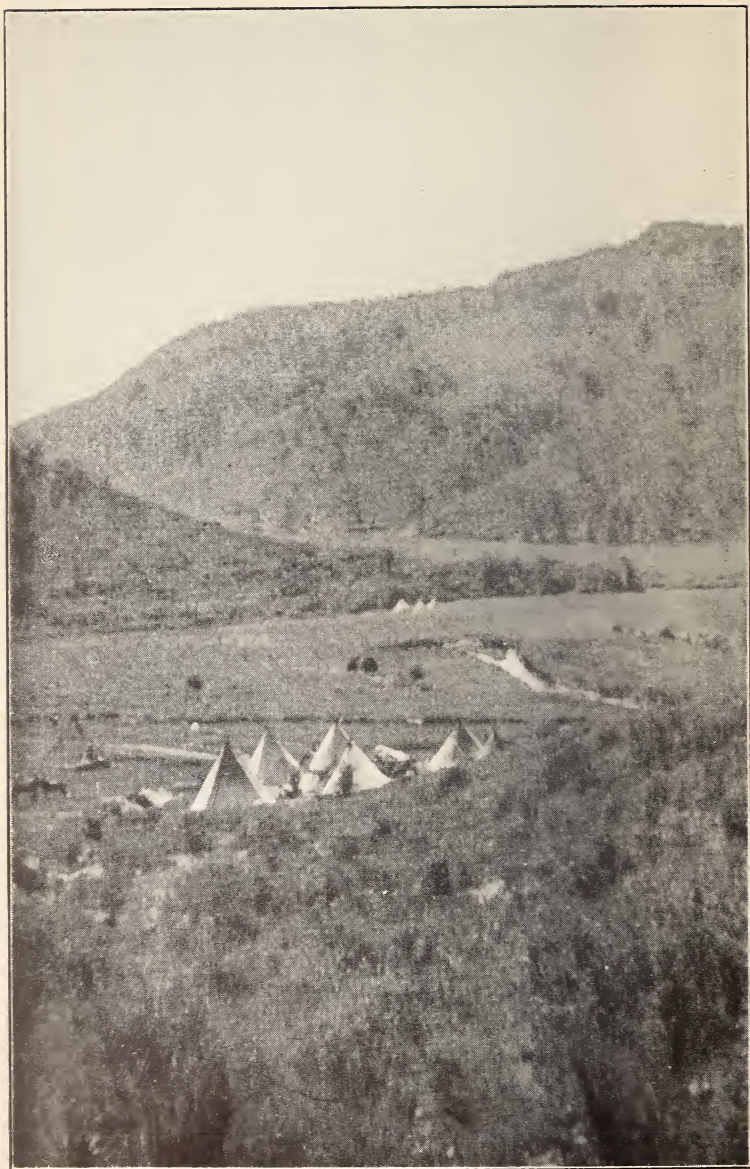






In Camp and Teepee





A Mountain Camp.

In Camp and Tepee

AN INDIAN MISSION STORY

By
ELIZABETH M. PAGE

ILLUSTRATED



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*A tribute of love to the
Reformed Church in America
and to its
Women's Board of Domestic Missions*

Preface

IN writing this book I have not attempted to give a consecutive history of the Indian Missions of the Reformed Church, but from the knowledge of their origin and growth gathered through years of experience while acting as Field Secretary of the Women's Board I have endeavored to make clear the hopefulness of Indian mission work.

I am indebted for much of my material to my sister, Mrs. Walter C. Roe, who gave me access to such of Dr. Roe's papers as might be helpful; to Rev. Richard H. Harper and his daughter, from whom I received the facts on which the Mescalero chapters are based; to Mrs. L. L. Legters for the early history of the Fort Sill Mission; to Rev. Henry Roe Cloud for advice and careful criticism of the chapters on Winnebago. Much is due also to the Indians whose letters coming from time to time during the years of my service have given me an insight and understanding otherwise impossible. To these I wish to express my gratitude.

In the task of composition, my daughter, Elizabeth M. Page, and I have worked together as architect and builder. Up to a certain point I had the responsibility of the general plan while she did the actual writing under my constant supervision. At

the end she was unable to continue her part, and the completion of the book came upon me. When laboring alone, I realized my utter inability to have accomplished the whole task by myself, and it is due to the help given by my daughter that this book has been written.

While my material, collected in the form of notes, reports and letters, has been drawn from the missions of one denomination, the conditions and problems are such as can be found in any field.

There are those who will say, "The Indian was well enough before the missionary tampered with him. He had his religion that suited him, the product of his race thought, full of beauty and poetry. What can you give him that will equal it? Let him alone, he is better so." Ah, but what is now the old religion of the Indian? In his grandfather's time, perhaps, there were still those whose high minds held thoughts of reverence, or back in the days before the white man came, men felt and worshipped sincerely and purely. To-day the "Witch Doctor" rules with grip of terror. Debauchery is more sought after than peace. The old days are gone, as the staunchest conservative of them all will tell you, and the purity of the old religion with them.

Why should this be? The old faith, at its best, was the faith of childhood, and it was a faith for each child alone. So long as the Indian lived in a world of childhood, so long as that world was so narrow he need think only of his one soul and his

god, so long and only so long could his faith endure. The Indian stands now in a world thronging full of men. With such conditions the teaching of his old gods is inadequate to cope. What if we in our pride leave him to the wreck of his childhood world and go sweeping on our way? Nations like men may be brought to the judgment bar and tried. When America shall stand on trial before history, before civilization, before God, she must answer for these red men in the light of what she might have done, and what she did. Shall she hear it said, You found a childlike race whose childish faith you in your onward march did of necessity destroy. You held in your hand the chance to bring to the world all that race had to give of poetry, of beauty and of truth, but you kept him a child where you might have made him a man. You destroyed his gods and gave him nothing in their place.

If this shall be the course that America will take, then let the Indian condemn her, for in that day he can say, "You had the road and you walked in it but you left me to follow a blind trail."

ELIZABETH M. PAGE.

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Introduction

YEARS ago a preacher in Omaha happened to notice a paragraph in his morning paper that told of the arrest of a few Indians on the charge of vagrancy. Dr. Harsha had long had a vague sentimental interest in the Red Men, those "sons of the forest and rightful lords of the soil," and now he determined to take his Bible out to the fort where these Indians were held and to talk with the band of wanderers. Accordingly, a few hours later, a soldier let him into the enclosure between the buildings of the fort. His quick eyes took in the ragged, huddling group of men and women against the gray background of military buildings, and the wood-pile at one side which would afford the slight elevation necessary to dominate the audience. His guide pointed out a young man among the prisoners who would act as interpreter, and left him alone with the silently watching crowd. For the first time, doubts of his own adequacy assailed him as he mounted the unstable logs to explain his benevolent errand. He never got beyond the first few words, however, for the young Indian interrupted him with a quick, fierce gesture.

"We do not need the Bible," he said. "We and our fathers have been Christians for many

years. We do not need the Bible ; we need justice. We are Poncas. Have you heard of the Poncas ? ”

The preacher shook his head.

“ Then hear us and give us justice. If you are a good man give us justice.

“ Long, long ago we lived in the Dakotas, and we lived quietly on our farms, but our life was full of danger. We were met and killed by the Sioux on the north, by the Pawnees on the west, and by the Osages and Konzas on the south. And we were dying in those days. But our old men were very wise and they saw a way to save us that we might not die. We made ourselves friends with the white people, and when the white people came to fight our enemies the Sioux, we fought with our friends, the white people. Many of our young men died in that war, but we did not turn from our friends.

“ Then the Great Father of the white people¹ said to us : ‘ If you will give us your land in the Dakotas we will give you land in Nebraska for you and your children forever. You will be near your friends, the Omahas, and we will give schools for your children, and money for horses and ploughs to work your farms, and for building houses to shelter you in storm. We will be your friends and fight for you as you have fought for us. Only give us your land in the Dakotas and we will give this land to you and your children forever.’ He said that, the Great Father said it, and we thought his words were good. So we signed the treaty, and

¹ The President.

long, long ago we left our homes in the Dakotas and came to our homes in Nebraska. The land was very little, but it was for us and our children forever, and we were glad.

“But for a long time it seemed as if the Great Father had forgotten his words to us. We had no schools, we had no money for horses and ploughs, and we had no houses. Our enemies, the Sioux, stole our ponies and our corn and we were very poor and very hungry ; and we saw that the white people drove herds of cattle over our reservation to feed the Sioux who were always fighting and we, their friends, were starving. But we did not steal the cattle of the white people. We were true to our friends. At last the Great Father remembered, and gave us a little of our money and we made schools and built us houses. We were happy for we were learning to live. Sometimes the locusts ate our crops, sometimes the Sioux killed some of our young men, sometimes the white soldiers hunted our women, but we were learning to live and to be strong.

“Then one day there came a white man, Mr. Kemble, who said we must move away. He said the white miners had found things of great value in the Black Hills of the Yankton Sioux, and they must be moved to our reservation and we must ask to be moved away. But we said we did not want to go, the land was ours, we would stay. Then the white man, Mr. Kemble, gathered the worthless men of our tribe and gave them whiskey to sign

this petition, and he signed all the names of the Indians that were dead, that these men told him of, and if an Indian had two names, he made him sign twice, and so he filled out the petition. Then he said we had agreed, we must go.

"Then we said: 'Will a man give away what is his unless he be paid?'

"Mr. Kemble said he would give us better land and more land in Indian Territory. He would take our chiefs to see it and if it was not good they could tell the White Father we would not go. So he took a number of our chiefs and brought them to Indian Territory and he showed them three bad pieces of land and he said: 'If you do not take these, I will leave you alone. You are one thousand miles from home. You have no money. You have no interpreter and you cannot speak the language. I will leave you here.' But there was no good water and the chiefs would not take it. So he left them there. My uncle can tell you; he was there." And he nodded to an old Indian who was following every look and gesture and who now spoke long and eagerly to the interpreter.

"He says it was winter, and they started home on foot. They slept in the haystacks, and they hardly lived till morning. They ate the ears of corn that dried in the fields and they ate them raw. The soles of their moccasins wore out, and they went barefoot in the snow. But at the end of seventy-one days they came home. He says that.

“Mr. Kemble had come back and moved some of our people away, so the chiefs sent a telegram to the President, but no answer came. At last the white soldiers came and burned our houses and trampled our crops, then they loaded what they could on the wagons. We said we would die rather than leave our lands, but we could not help ourselves. They took us down into Indian Territory. Many died on the road. My two children died. After we reached the new land all our horses died. The water was very bad. All our cattle died ; not one was left. And there was no land for us ; all that land was taken up, and we must starve. Then my uncle said : ‘I will lead you back to the land the Great Father promised to you and your children forever.’ So we started back again. We were weak, we were sick and we were starved, but we have stolen nothing on the road. We have worked for the little we have eaten. It took us three months to come here. The Omahas gave us a little piece of land. We were in a hurry to plough it and put in wheat that our children might eat, but the soldiers arrested us for being off our reservation. We would rather have died than have left our lands, but we could not help ourselves. You have heard us ; if you are a good man, give us justice.”

Long after Dr. Harsha left the fort those words rang in his ears : “If you are a good man, give us justice.” He set to work with a will to get it for them. He laid their case before his big church, and it rose in answer to the call. Money was

raised, the Indians were released, and the minister took them, with some influential Omaha citizens to back them, to Washington, there to plead the cause of their tribe. A storm of indignation arose that swept the country. People everywhere demanded that justice be done until at last the Indians were given an island that had been a part of their old devastated reserve, and there they settled in safety.

That, to the casual glance, was the end of it all. But the popular interest aroused all through the East in the Indian problem did not entirely die. Here and there were those who questioned whether all responsibility ended with the securing of tardy justice for a few members of a neglected race. A great vista opened of thronging tribes bewildered amidst changing conditions with which neither their old religion nor their old philosophy was adequate to cope. Was civilized America to give them nothing for all it took away? A group of women in the Reformed Church of America talked of this and longed for a chance to start a mission work among those unreached thousands on the Western plains—talked and longed, but, for lack of funds, feared they would never do anything else.

Then in 1893 came the great World's Fair. The White City rising by the lake had a message for the crowds that thronged it. The merchant found there the symbol of his achievement and his dream; the artist, a vision of beauty and an ideal; the churches, a great country and a mighty need that



"A Neglected Race."

called for their gift of gold. As a result of this summons and the enthusiasm aroused by it, the women of the Reformed Church found in its hands, at the close of that wonderful year, \$4,000 to be used for American work. The women of the Board of Domestic Missions saw their chance at last. Their Indian Mission had ceased to be a dream.

They began hunting for a man to pioneer their work, and Dr. Harsha, now a minister of one of their New York City churches, immediately suggested an Indian evangelist, Frank Hall Wright, whom his church had been supporting for a year. "He is splendidly fitted for it," he said. "Himself an Indian, he would not be likely to fall into the mistakes that would be inevitable to a white man. He has a glorious voice, a magnetic personality and unbounded enthusiasm. He has had to give up his evangelistic work because of a breakdown with consumption, but if we could get him, he would be just the man."

At this same time in a home farther up-town an Indian man lay stretched in a great chair wheeled close to a roaring fire. His eyes were fixed on the leaping flames but his thoughts were following a narrowing track back through the years. He could not tell when it had come to him first,—the thought that because he was an Indian his especial field of work lay among the people of his own blood,—but it had haunted him for years. With all the fastidious refinement of his nature increased by the memories of his beautiful childhood home and the

cultured training of his youth and early manhood, he shrank from the filth and degradation of the less fortunate members of his father's race. His sense of responsibility had weighed upon him until he began, with Mrs. Wright, to support a substitute on the field. Then came a break in health and with increasing weakness old spectres awoke to intolerable activity. He could not escape. Was he being forced to think of the need of his father's people? Was this his task that no substitute could perform? Had he, all these years, been shirking the highest good? Step by step it had been gaining on him. As he lay watching the leaping flames that stormy afternoon, he felt he stood at the last ditch of his opposition.

"Show me the way," he prayed. "I will go anywhere—to any people—but not to the Blanket Indians, Lord. . . . Show me the way." Even as he prayed came the summons to the one place to which he said he would not go. Two ladies, the present president of the Board and the official head of the new work, who had braved a terrible storm to seek him, were ushered in. They saw a man, emaciated and weak, whose thin frame was even then shaken with the paroxysm of coughing which the excitement of their coming had caused. Yet they laid the stupendous task of founding their new work in the hands of this apparently dying man. Who shall dare to say that their strange faith was not the answer to his prayer? That the Indian evangelist so considered it is sufficiently evident

from his immediately accepting the call and making preparations to go, though his doctors told him he would never live to reach the field and his friends thought him more than foolhardy.

I

FIRST BEGINNINGS

IT was an afternoon in the early fall of 1895. The slanting rays of the Oklahoma sun fell on a band of Comanche Indians on the move. Four or five spotted ponies plodded wearily through the dust, one carrying three little naked boys on its bony back. Two more, "trailers," without saddle or bridle, struggled and plunged through the tough grass beside the track where six Indian wagons rattled along, with their dingy white sheets, which were usually rolled high on the long protruding frame, pulled close down on the westward side to give some shadow for the family crouching beneath. Behind just far enough to escape the worst of the sickening swirl of dust kicked up by the little caravan came another outfit, a Studebaker hack with its narrow, compact body, stout wheels, and light, white canvas top, drawn by two sleek, well-fed horses—the whole contrasting strongly with the grass-fed ponies and ramshackle "prairie-schooners" ahead. A feed-bucket swung from the axle of the hack, a tent-pole protruded from the rear beside the rectangular bulk of the chuck-box, and the space between these and the front seat was filled in with two rolls of bedding, a battered suit-

case, a bundle of canvas and rope that was the tent, and a collection of frying-pans, tea-kettle and pots that represented the paraphernalia of a camp cook. Two men sat on the front seat, and it would have been hard to recognize in the erect, khaki-clad figure and bronzed face of the man at the reins the invalid who had lain in the chair before the fire only a few months before. The high dry air of the Western plains was doing its work and the Indian evangelist was getting back his strength.

The train was passing under the grateful shade of a great tree that grew beside the road. The missionary pointed at it with his whip.

"Remember that tree, Dickens?" he asked.

His helper twisted his head to get a better look at it, and Mr. Wright went on:

"It was right there that we stopped one day last spring, and you lifted me out of the hack and laid me down in the grass under that tree to die. It sure did look as if the doctors back East were going to be able to say 'I told you so' that time, didn't it, Dickens? Well, we have given them the slip this time, I reckon,—thank God," he added in a lower tone.

That had been the beginning of an experience such as few able-bodied men could face. Despised by such white men as he met who were there largely to exploit the Indians, avoided by the Indians themselves who regarded his motives with suspicion and his message with indifference, welcome nowhere, forced to continual moving from

place to place—this was the daily record of a battle against discouragement, weakness and hardship that called for courage, perseverance and a supreme faith. Here he was at the end of the summer, doing what he had been doing ever since the spring, following a flying band of Indians in the hitherto vain hope that when they camped at night he might find some opening to speak to them.

The sun was setting and the little caravan had come to a standstill; a moment later the Indian wagons turned off the road and swung out in the inevitable semicircle facing the east. The missionary drew off to one side and with his helper began preparations for supper while the life of the Indian camp grew and hummed beside him. Tents were put up, each one fronting towards the sunrise, the horses were hobbled and turned out to graze, two old women bending under incredible loads of wood came up from the creek-bed and laid the great camp-fire in the centre of the camp opposite the tent of Nahwatz, the priest of Mescal, and everywhere were the shouting, playing children and the snarling, fighting dogs.

When the workers' supper was over the swift twilight of the Southwest had ended and already the Indian tents were glowing like jewels through the darkness. Soon the camp-fire would be lit, and the Comanche men and women would gather about it. Mr. Wright wondered if they would let him join the circle or whether they would freeze him out with their baffling silence. A dark figure left

one of the glowing tents as the missionary watched, and crossed the camp. A moment later a flicker of light appeared, wavered in and out of existence a few times, grew into a flare and the camp-fire kindled into flame. The red glow stole the radiance from the line of tents, brought into prominence the shrouded wagons, the sleeping dogs, and beyond, the hobbled horses standing at gaze.

With laughter and the musical cadence of soft Comanche the people were gathering. Mr. Wright crossed over and joined the group at the fire, to be welcomed by the usual smiles and ceremonious greetings. They were always outwardly so friendly, this inscrutable tribe. Presently came the slight blanketed figure of Nahwatz, chief of Mescal, to give his greeting. A young girl from the government school, his niece and adopted daughter, acted as interpreter while the chief and the missionary talked. A strange necklace about the Indian's neck caught Mr. Wright's eye. It seemed made of flat round disks of some brown substance like shrunken hardened leather.

"What is it?" he asked.

Nahwatz lifted his small brown hand and laid hold of the largest disk with a strangely reverent gesture.

"It is Mescal, my god," he answered.

The missionary looked into the luminous eyes and noted the evident strength of the Mescal leader's face and a sense of revulsion seized him.

"If that bean which you have picked and which

you can carry on a string about your neck is your god," he said, "tell me, my friend, does your Mescal-god tell you where you came from or where you are going when you die?"

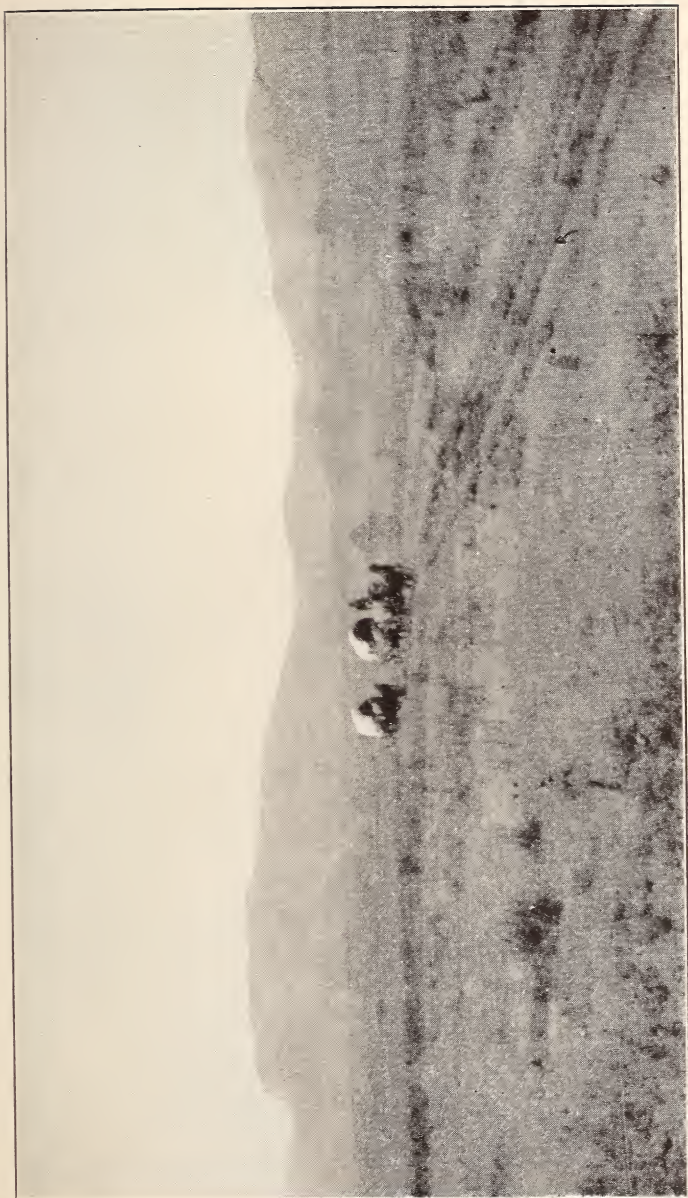
Nahwatz' eyes narrowed and Mr. Wright felt again the ice of Indian reserve as he answered:

"This Mescal shows me wonderful things." Then he turned his shoulder on the missionary nor would he speak again.

* * * * *

The summer was gone and valuable time was flying. Mr. Wright felt he must have something definite to report to the Board at home at the end of his first year's work, and such being the case he dared take no more time for this work among the Comanches where neither government agent nor Indian gave him the slightest encouragement. He naturally turned next to the prisoner band of Apaches held at Fort Sill in the heart of the Comanche country. Nothing was being done for them by any church, yet the military authorities, who were in complete control, refused him admittance. Thus, at last, sick at heart, he had been obliged to turn his back on this his first field of effort.

Once more in his hack with his helper, he set his face towards Red Moon, an encampment one hundred and fifty miles out on the prairie. All day long they jogged and rattled on, out of the restful shadow of the Wichita Mountains, over that borderland of the prairies that lies between



“That Borderland of the Prairies.”

the mountains and the Washita River, flat and covered with lush mesquite grass like a firm velvet nap under foot, then over the Washita to the red sand of the prairies themselves, heaving and rolling like the waves of a great sea far, far out of sight. Towards the close of the second day, they pulled up on the edge of one of those prairie swells and saw before them and below, beside the curving bank of Cobb Creek, a cluster of brick buildings that must be a government school. It was Saturday night and as it was never Mr. Wright's custom to travel on Sunday he said to his friend, "We will camp here and to-morrow I'll go down there and see if I can talk to the children."

Some twenty-odd years before the Government had found certain members of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes absolutely unamenable to any restraint, forcible or otherwise; and, as these incorrigibles were continually stirring up the more peaceably minded Indians, the authorities had determined to segregate them and their families, and allot to them some place sufficiently distant to prevent any further outbreak. John H. Seger volunteered to take them out and act as their agent, and scorning all military protection, he had brought them here to this little valley and allotted them on the surrounding land. It had been no easy task to keep them quiet, those turbulent war-hardened men, many of whom had fought against Custer. At first it had to be superior brute force, as this was all that they would recognize, and Mr. Seger,

although a man of unusual muscular strength, was often obliged to tax all his resourcefulness to the utmost to maintain this ascendancy. In the end he conquered.

When Mr. Wright appeared that Sunday morning he found a cordial welcome awaiting him from this agent, who gladly gave him his chance to speak to the children. Mr. Seger was much interested and drew him on to talk of his work, his plans for the future, and what he hoped to do.

"I want an opportunity to work among these Indians," said Mr. Wright. "If I could only have a fair start, I have money back of me to build a church and set up a permanent mission. Just now I am looking for the place to begin."

"Why not locate here?" asked Mr. Seger. "This is an issuing station for government rations and supplies. All this band must come in every other week, and then there is always a large camp here. Apply for some of this school land for your mission and I will help you as far as lies in my power."

The first step was to gain the consent of the Indians, and Mr. Seger called a council to meet with him and Mr. Wright the following day in the agency office. The agent and the missionary were the first to enter the bare room with its circle of painted chairs, and Mr. Wright had every opportunity to study the head-men of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes as they entered on silent moc-casined feet. They took their places for the most

part in silence, save for the monosyllabic "How" of greeting to the agent, and only once or twice did a smile like a gleam of wintry sunshine rest on any one of the hard, lined faces. Mr. Wright felt a sinking sense of oppression that he strove to put from him.

After an introductory speech by Mr. Seger the missionary was able to lay his plan before them, pleading the advantages to them and to their children. When he ended, they talked among themselves, in harsh guttural utterances that seemed to fit the grim stoicism of battle-scarred faces. The missionary's mind leaped back to the Comanches he had left, with the gracious courtesy of their ceremonial manners, the rhythmic swing of their soft language and their undisguised enthusiasm when they talked among themselves. He fixed his eyes on the proudly indifferent face of the spokesman who rose to give the answer, and there was little hope or enthusiasm in his heart for work among such a people as these Northern Indians.

"We think it is good for the children," said the Cheyenne leader. "They must live in the white man's houses, they must dress in the white man's dress and talk the white man's talk. It is best that they also learn about the white man's God. But we live in the Indian way and we hold by the Indian gods. For us you can do nothing. We are better as we are."

The Cheyenne chief might give his ultimatum

with all the pride and self-assurance possible, but Mr. Wright would not be daunted. He seized eagerly on the narrow foothold given him among the school children and then reached out to lay hold of the attention of the men and women of the camps, and to arouse a longing for what his friendship and his message might give them. He soon found that with these Indians, in spite of his Indian blood, he had to make his way as a teacher of the white man's religion against the mixture of fear, suspicion and contempt with which the white man was regarded. "Coyotes" the Cheyennes called the conquering race, naming them for the despicable little prairie-wolves who howl at a safe distance while men are up and stirring, but who sneak silently into camp at night to devour everything while they are asleep and helpless. The Arapahoe proverb was even more scathing. "White man—liar" was the tense summary.

Every week after the services at the school were over the missionary would harness his team and set out over the hard roads to the distant camps. Sometimes they knew in advance of his coming and could pack up their belongings and get away, leaving their deserted tepees and silent shades as an eloquent witness of their hostile avoidance of him. Occasionally he surprised them when he pulled in at night, tired and dusty, but happy in his success in finding them. Then would follow an evening of going from group to group, and from tepee to tepee. Often when he entered with his

interpreter by his side all laughter and talk would cease, each task would be instantly laid down and the whole family would sit as if frozen into stony immobility. He knew that they could hear, although they strove to seem as deaf, and he talked on. Often thoughts were startled into strange channels under the stony mask by the bold challenge of his attack on the citadel of their traditional ideas.

In the morning he would perhaps find that they had all slipped out while he slept and had again escaped him. At such times he never gave up, but followed their trail across the prairie, pulling in at night, gay, friendly and determined to help. It seemed so little that he could do, only to carry wood or water for some feeble old woman, to give an ague-shaken man a dose of quinine, or to share the drinking water in his keg with the mother of a flock of thirsty children if the camp was in the "Alkali Country." So October passed and a part of November, and little by little he won his place. The Indians grew to know that here was one man who was persistently following them, not for what he could get, but for what he could give. Keen observers of character that they were, they came at last to believe what seemed impossible at first, that nothing lay behind his kindliness but love for them and a wish to serve. He had to leave them for the winter months because he dared not face the exposure of camp-life during such a stormy season, but he knew that he left a few staunch friends who

would miss him and look eagerly for his return. This was an astonishing achievement, which only those can appreciate who know the years of discouragement which form the usual introduction to Indian mission work.

* * * * *

During this first winter's absence from his field he made a significant friendship. He had been doing evangelistic work, and he was called to Dallas, Texas, to preach for Walter C. Roe, pastor of a Presbyterian church. His first impression of the small, frail man who met him was almost eclipsed by the sparkling, vivid personality of his dark-eyed wife, but before the first evening had ended, this thought of the fragile ill-health of the man had been blotted out by other and more dominating characteristics. Mr. Wright found himself studying the minister's face. There was quiet strength in the firm chin, sweetness and sympathy in the lines about the mouth, and intellectual power in the high forehead; but it was to the eyes that the glance returned again and again, eyes that were keen, direct and compelling, yet with a wealth of whimsy humor lurking in their depths. A month of working shoulder to shoulder showed him the real man. Of ready sympathy and never-failing tact, easily adjusted to another's point of view, yet ever uncompromising in the right, a born fighter who rejoiced in a struggle or a difficult task, he was a friend after the Indian missionary's own heart.

In the councils of war held after the meetings with Mrs. Roe and her sister Mrs. Page who was then visiting them, Mr. Wright came to appreciate how the power of imagination and the poetic fervor of the wife supplemented and completed the minister's work. "What a combination they would make for Indian work," he thought again and again. He determined not to lose his touch with them when the month's work was ended, and accordingly in November, 1896, when the little stone building of the Columbian Memorial was ready for occupancy he called his new friends to assist him in its dedication.

He had returned to Colony in May where the mission had been located on a corner of the school land. His first work had been the superintending of the digging of a well, for as the Indians put it, the first gift that was given them was "the water of God." Then had come weeks of traveling from camp to camp, chatting, sympathizing, advising and teaching his grown-up children, and always in his spare moments directing the work on the little church. Now it was finished and he could point it out to Dr. and Mrs. Roe, when they came for the dedication. So he stopped his team on the top of the prairie swell to let them get their first glimpse of the busy scene. In the centre was the new church with its red roof and pointed spire. To the left lay the brick buildings of the Colony school. Under a clump of black-jack trees before the church was the well and Mr. Wright's camp—

a tent, a tiny wooden shed containing his stove and dining outfit, an arbor enclosing a few feet of space, and near by his wagon and little granary. Not far away was the Indian camp, the scattering, smoke-tipped white cones of the tepees filling the prairie-hollow.

The following morning saw the beginning of four laborious days for all three, gathering up the loose ends of the season's work and reaping the harvest that months of patient camp-visiting had sown. There were regular meetings held in the little stone church every evening, beside others during the day whenever they could be attended, and three services on Sunday. There was much to be done and every one had his share, visitors, missionary and even the Indians themselves. The high winds of winter had already begun and before almost every service the heaps of sand had to be swept out of the church and the chairs set in even rows. This task the Indian women had taken as their share, while the men hauled the wood to keep the stove-fire going. Then, even when the north-ers swept moaning across the valley "with lighted lamps and cheery little stove," wrote Mrs. Roe, "we could bid defiance to wind and darkness. On the right (of the audience room) were some fifty of the older Indian girls, their dark faces and bright eyes showing keen interest. On the left the Indian boys in their uniforms, so well-behaved and attentive as to cast some reproach upon similar gatherings of their white brothers. Behind the

girls almost to the rear were the white people" (employees at the school) . . . "and back of the boys sat the camp Indians in blankets and moccasins, the women, some of them bright and pretty in gala dress with their babies on their backs, and some of them with faces dark with superstition and ignorance, and written over with lines of evil. In front was the 'baby organ,' and the pretty pulpit made fair with flowers . . . and Mr. Wright, his dark face aglow with joy and earnestness, a big Arapahoe Indian standing on his right and his excellent Cheyenne interpreter at his left—such in general was the scene at each evening service.

"We drove with Mr. Wright and his interpreter over the prairies to seek his people in their homes," she goes on to say: "and each night after the service we went down to their tepees and gathering around the camp-fire, would tell Bible stories to which they will listen spellbound. . . . These Indians are ignorant and full of superstition, but I am told that many are dissatisfied with their own so-called religion and are ready to learn from the White Man's Book."

At the close of the meetings the church was organized with twenty-two members. Yet only a little more than a year's effort had been put in among these seemingly unresponsive Indians. Such a result is the abiding proof of the untiring activity, the tact and the wisdom of the man who accomplished it.

II

LEAVES FROM DR. ROE'S DIARY

THE spring of 1897 saw two new workers in the growing field. During the winter a break had come in Dr. Roe's health and the doctors had imperatively ordered life in the open air. Mr. Wright on hearing of it had sat down, and, mindful of his own experience and hoping to bring about the "combination" he had seen in imagination the year before, had written to the Reformed Church Board. He touched on the growing field, the need of more help, and suggested his friend and his wife as ideal timber of which to make missionaries. The suggestion had been adopted and Dr. and Mrs. Roe had entered the work in April, just as the camping season was beginning.

By the mere accident of their coming at this time the new raw workers were plunged into a first experience that taught them the every-day life of their Indians through and through. They learned its lure and its charm. They learned too its hardship and its horror. It was not such camping as they would ever have again, for after the parsonage was built there was always a sense of a home back of them to which they could go if worst

came to worst. Now, like the Indians, they had nothing but their tent and their wagon, no food but such as they could carry in the chuck-box.

They could understand then, from the very beginning, the glorious liberty of wide-rolling distances. They had felt the tremendous significance of the meadow-lark's note when a bird and a man seem the only living beings in a world of earth and sky. They knew the glints and shadows of fire-light at night and the golden glory of the moon. They knew too the fascination of nights under the open sky, lulling oneself to slumber by watching the marching stars and listening for the night sounds and the night silences.

They learned also the largeness of the other side of camp-life. Long drives against the wind, and sand-storms that cut the face and beat upon the body till every nerve cried out, days of storm when the clothing was always wet and even such beds as could be made up in a wagon were neither warm nor dry, long hot journeys without water, nights when the wind tore down the tent over their heads and even the sleep of exhaustion was impossible. They had known and felt it all, and, what was even more important, their stoical Indian comrades of the trail knew they had.

Then in August came what later proved a valuable experience. Dr. Roe was taken with typhoid fever, and Mrs. Roe, alone without a nurse, struggled through relapse after relapse, learning some of the horrors of sickness in camp—some but not

all. For an Indian as desperately sick as that, without the timely aid given the white man, the only outcome would have been death. But the missionary, through the kindness of Mr. Seger, was moved into the boys' dormitory in the fall, where he crept back to life again. Mrs. Roe had seen enough, however, to give her a vision of the needs of the camp-women over which she pondered for months till with growing experience she could mature a plan for aid.

When the time came to settle in the permanent mission, the new workers entered their field with a knowledge and understanding of their people and a full realization of the pleasures and trials, the struggles and the problems of their lives, born of the months in camp, such as years of external contact could never have given. As time went on and problems grew in complexity they saw more and more clearly the value of this experience.

The parsonage was built and ready for occupancy that winter, a square red stone building, uncompromising in every line, hunching its red roof on its stone shoulders and staring unwinkingly down the whole length of the mission compound to the church. With the new base of operations came new demands, and those incident to the establishing of a permanent mission were far different from those of the itinerant missionary. Near at hand was the school where the Indians must place their children as soon as they were five years old and keep them until they were eighteen if they wished

to draw the rations of beef, coffee, sugar, flour, and baking-powder on which they depended for support. Here was much work for the missionaries.

Every two weeks on the flat before the house and crowning the hill behind were the clustering tepees of the Indian camps; for, although the Government was doing everything to encourage farming on the allotments of one hundred and sixty acres each which every man, woman, and child possessed, these conservatives clung to their old life, preferring to lease their lands. In these camps, to which the workers gladly and eagerly went, they learned something which caused a hasty departure from accepted method. Talking through interpreters is at best unsatisfactory and the accepted rule was to acquire the languages necessary to communicate freely with all comers. To learn both Cheyenne and Arapahoe at one and the same time was manifestly impossible; therefore Mr. Wright began to study Cheyenne with the assistance of his excellent interpreter, Frank Hamilton, while Dr. and Mrs. Roe undertook the Arapahoe.

But at the very outset this plan was thwarted by the strange indomitable jealousy that existed between the two tribes. Although, as far as the knowledge of the white man, or the memory of the Indian can tell, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes have always been allied tribes, sharing the chase, the feasting, and the starvation, fighting the same enemies with equal fierceness, and holding

together through thick and thin, there has never been the slightest tendency towards amalgamation. The two languages are utterly different, showing as wide a divergence of origin as do French and Russian, and the customs are equally at variance. As the workers hoped for success they must keep this knowledge before them. When Arapahoe was the subject of their study the Cheyenne school children, even, would receive no advances from the workers and the teepees of the Cheyenne camps were closed against their coming.

As the learning of an Indian language is at best a matter of years, this was a state of things not to be overlooked, so the missionaries wisely fell back on interpreters for church services and long-continued, serious use, and on the sign-language for other occasions when they wished to talk. This gesture-language is common to all tribes that depended on hunting for food, since in their migrations as they followed the game they came constantly in contact in a peaceful way, and the need of a means of communication was continually making itself felt. As a result there was produced one system of signs which was understood and used by all and which still survives among the plains Indians from the Rockies to the Mississippi, and from the Arctic circle to the Gulf. The missionaries have made extensive use of it. Dr. Roe and his wife found that it served not only as a means of communication with their own tribes and the neighboring Kiowas, Caddoes and Comanches, but that it

stamped them everywhere among the Indians as friends.

During the winter months when roads were bad and travelling at all times dangerous, and often impossible, the twofold work of the new mission at Colony took up all the workers' time. There were the Sunday-school classes and social meetings with the school children, shy, silent little beings at first, slow to give their confidence, but when that was gained, eager to show a winsome devotion. Then, every two weeks, there were a few days of the ever-fascinating camp-work.

A few of the Indians were learning to come to the house and found a never ceasing wonder and delight in its various furnishings. The Navajo rug on the hall floor they liked because other Indians had made it, the round game-shield on the wall and the buffalo robe thrown over the chest by the stairs had the charm of the familiar, but they liked best the stranger things, the chairs that rocked, the flowers growing in the windows, the many pictures and the "big box" in the parlor that gave a jangling cry when a curious hand was laid on its white "teeth."

But those who came to the house were few and issue-week usually meant visits to the tepees and long, solemn talks over trifles with an occasional word of encouragement and uplift brought skillfully in. Again it would be merely such work as Dr. Roe describes in a letter home :

"We are experiencing a terrific blizzard which

has followed an exceptionally prolonged period of severe weather. It is issue-week and the Indians, having come in to get their rations, are camped on the flat below us. The snow is driven almost level before a fierce wind, and neither man nor beast can be exposed to its fury without intense suffering. There are two Indian ponies cowering under the lee of the church, their backs white with unmelted snow. An Indian man has just passed, hurrying along the road, bending against the storm, with his brilliant blanket drawn up over his head. Occasionally we see a woman moving about among the dingy tepees, and now and then a child ventures out from the school to visit his people. The appearance of the camp is uninviting enough. The tepees, which ordinarily look approximately white, now present their blackened cones against the white snow. A few are protected by wind-breaks made of the dried stalks of the tall weeds which grow in our river-bottoms, bound together and standing upright in a circle. One of these structures has been unable to withstand the force of the wind, and has blown over against the tepee in the centre. Beside each tepee stands the wagon of its occupant. Most of the ponies have sought protection behind the hills or in the ravines, but one team is cowering close behind the wind-break. They are but frail shelters—these hastily constructed tepees; only a frame of poles covered by an inferior quality of domestic, with an aperture at the top through which the smoke from the fire within escapes. And



Inside a Windbreak.

yet they are surprisingly warm when the thrift of the squaw has provided an ample supply of wood. Unfortunately foresight is not a quality which is highly developed in the Indian, and only a few minutes ago I saw an old Indian woman staggering through the storm, carrying upon her back a heavy load of wood which she had probably brought a mile or more from the creek bottom. I can just imagine how the inmates of the tepees look,—men, women, children and dogs, all huddled around the fire in silent misery.

“There is little we can do for them such a day as to-day. Occasionally they come to the house to get warm, and we seat them around the dining-room stove with picture-books and magazines to entertain them. A little while ago two boys came in half frozen, and just before dinner our presiding genius, a little deaf and dumb boy, Issana-han, came for shelter and was very glad to share our meal with us.”

As Dr. Roe goes on to say, they were not content with merely trying to make their people comfortable, for Sundays saw them all gathered in the little church and slowly and painstakingly the missionary explained the “way of life.” Gradually the Indians were coming to understand, though often the ludicrous jostled the beautiful and true in the short space of a single service. For an instance, one evening service began with the baptism of ten of the school children, an impressive scene to all who watched their earnest bright faces. Then a

young Christian mother brought her baby to be baptized. Her husband started her to the front promising to follow, but at the last minute his courage gave out and he remained sheepishly behind. The missionary's quick eye took in the situation and the service was adapted to suit this case. But scarcely was it well under way when a tall Indian strode up to the platform with his little three-year-old son in his arms—and he wanted the child baptized. He urged and pleaded and talked to and through the interpreter, so determined was he that his boy, as well as Mary's baby, should be protected by this "good medicine." It was with the greatest difficulty that he was persuaded to sit down while Mr. Roe explained that parents, themselves Christians, might bring their little ones and give them thus to God, but he was not permitted to baptize any others. It was not till the anxious father at last understood that he would permit the service for Mary's baby to continue.

Often during the winters of the Southwest come strange spells of golden weather as if "the sleeping earth were dreaming of summer," as the Indians say, when the sky is a higher, whiter blue, and the waves of dead prairie-grass stretch away tawny in the sunlight, when a passing wagon startles the meadow-larks into an unexpected burst of song. On such days the Indians in distant camps were learning to watch for the coming of the missionaries with food and medicines for the sick, never-failing comfort for the sad at heart, and cheer for

all. It was small wonder that the white-covered hack always had an eager welcome, among the Cheyennes at least. All was likely to be excitement and bustle for fair weather usually meant "hand-games" or dancing in the evening. Some of the women would be skinning and cutting up the animal destined for the evening's feast, others would be putting up the great tepee for the gathering. The young girls might be "throwing the long reeds," a favorite game with them, and one in which they are all proficient. Children and dogs in yelling herds careered among the tents. The missionaries visited tepee after tepee, some comparatively neat, others disgusting in their dirt and unsightliness, everywhere to be greeted with friendliness and joy. Many an urgent invitation would be given to remain to the feast which duties at Colony would prevent their accepting, but the love and confidence in the dark faces was touching to see.

It was on such a trip as this that Dr. Roe first saw the little deaf and dumb boy of whom the letter quoted makes mention. Later he wrote of the incident and more fully of the child under the title of his English name, Carl High Walker.

"Our first introduction to him," he writes, "was on the banks of the Washita near Little Medicine's camp. We had just pitched our tents and staked our horses when we noticed two pairs of bright eyes peering out of the bushes that fringed the stream. When we beckoned they disappeared only

to reappear at some other point, but when we returned to our work, and paid them no more attention, both eyes and owners emerged a little distance down-stream among the great cotton-woods. Two lithe little figures, brown as chestnuts, hampered in their swift movements only by the flutterings of two little calico shirts, much begrimed by the touch of Washita mud, and sadly tattered by the unfriendly grasp of the green-briars. Two tangled shocks of black hair had been parted and carelessly put up in two flying braids. As with a piece of rope and switches from the willow bush they played at wild horse, that perennial game of Indian childhood, flitting to and fro in the twilight among the boles of the great trees, it seemed as though the reign of Pan had returned and that those dancing forms were fauns with furred ears and soulless natures.

"I next saw the little fellow in camp at the issue station, and learned that he was the son of the old Cheyenne chief, High Walker, who was dying of consumption. His mother was dead, and worst of all he himself was deaf and dumb. A pitiful lot this, even among white people with their institutions for the orphan and the afflicted; but amid the barbarism and poverty of an Indian camp, how hopeless! My heart went out to him in his need, and I determined to try to offset some, at least, of the miseries of his condition.

"He had one advantage over a white child afflicted in the same way. This was the wonderful

sign-language of the plains Indian, a means of communication in which the boy was peculiarly expert. Accordingly, when I next saw him, I pointed to him and then at myself and then hooked my two first fingers together. This meant, 'You and I are friends.' He raised his hand with the first finger and thumb extended, the other fingers closed, and threw his hand forward and down, at the same time bringing thumb and finger together. This meant 'Yes,' but when I approached with hand outstretched to shake hands, fear crept into the dark eyes and he dodged back among the tepees and was gone. For several days this was repeated, each time with increasing confidence on his part. At last I laid a nickel in my outstretched palm,—a base expedient to win a friend, I must admit—and wavering between fear and desire, the little fellow crept up, snatched the coin and sped away, his swift feet winged with terror.

"Soon, however, he became assured that my designs were entirely friendly and his confidence grew apace. One day he crept timidly into the open door of the parsonage and stood looking in wonder at the great alligator skin stretched out against the wall. I described to him the creature from which it came, and then introduced him to many of the mysteries of the 'medicine house,' as he always called our home. After that he appropriated us and ours as his own. No sooner would High Walker's wagon reach the issue-camp than the little fellow would slip down and make

for the parsonage which straightway became his headquarters. The hungry little stomach was always filled, and then he would explore the wonders of our simple belongings. The reflection of his own unkempt little figure in the mirror always amazed and amused him. His swift hands would fairly fly with childish questions.

"When asked where he lived, he would answer, 'At the medicine house.' He assumed responsibility for all our interests. One day he dragged me to the back door to show me that the lock was broken. Another, he came flying to inform me that the fence was broken and the 'medicine horses' were out. Once I found him beating my dog and rebuked him, explaining that the creature was my friend. Later the animal was sick with consumption and I instructed my white boy to shoot it. Presently here came Carl, in a whirl of excitement and indignation, his hands fairly flashing the message, 'That wicked white boy has killed your friend dog.' I tried to explain to him the reasons for the dog's death, telling him of the strong little bugs that sit down in people's lungs and make them die, but it was not with complete success, for he went away evidently cherishing secret animosity towards 'that white boy' whom he always regarded with jealous eyes.

"He was sure to be on hand at 'chuck away' time and boasted that he was 'filled up' three times each day, an unusual experience in his neglected life. We taught him that it was 'the white

man's road' to knock on entering a door and he, 'to make assurance doubly sure,' would announce his exit as well as his entrance by a resounding rap.

"Sometimes he would be gone for several weeks and then suddenly would reappear and take possession of us, a veritable elf of barbarism, instinct with the spirit of the boundless prairie.

"But soon a new element entered Carl's life. Education, an ogre-like figure at best to exuberant boyhood, laid its firm hand on the flitting figure, drew its irksome walls of circumvallation around the wandering feet and buckled its harness on the mind as untrained as the boy's own spotted pony. Old High Walker's spirit slipped out of its emaciated tenement, to tread, as he would have told you, the Milky Way, that spirit road that leads to the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Indian's future life. The father's will had made Mr. Seger, superintendent of the government school, the boy's guardian, and in course of time Carl, shorn of the flying braids and clad in prosaic uniform, took his place in the routine of school life." Here Dr. Roe's vivid account of Carl abruptly ends, interrupted, no doubt, by pressure of work.

But the experiment of school life proved for Carl High Walker a failure. The industrial work he took to aptly enough, as imitation and the quick flexibility of his movements stood him very well in lieu of ears, but the tasks of the class-room were to him meaningless and irksome, and only productive of outbursts of temper and impish mis-

chief. There was no teacher at the school who had sufficient knowledge or time to instruct the little fellow through the difficult medium of the sign-language. The child was likely to grow up into a little savage, but fortunately the missionary intervened on behalf of his young friend. Arrangements were made that Carl should study his lessons at the "medicine house," and every day the child would come and take his place at one side of the missionary's desk.

Then would follow a happy hour while his "medicine-friend" told him of the books that would be his friends too and talk to his heart whenever he was lonely and sad, if he would have a strong heart "to push, push along the hard reading and writing road." They would talk of the great world he lived in, and the birds and the flowers, of the mountains he had never seen, and the "great water" and the lands beyond until Carl's eyes grew big with wonder and his eager hands flew with his questions. And later the missionary drew him on into the bigger things of life, telling him of his own heart and soul, of what it meant to be a man, of the great difference between right and wrong, of his brotherhood to all the people about him, of the duty of love and of God. Little by little the fetters fell away from the imprisoned spirit until Carl faced life to find it large and full of meaning even for him.

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With the closing of the school the door of op-

portunity at Colony seemed to close also. The Indians still came into the valley on alternate Saturdays for the issue of rations, it was true, but since the children were not at school to act as a drawing-card, their stay was usually a short one. Often the missionary had the discouraging experience of putting the last touch upon his sermon with great care and enthusiasm on Saturday, inspired by the sight from his study window of bustling camp and crowded tepee, only to awaken on Sunday morning just in time to watch the dragging tepee poles of the last Indian wagon conveying the remnant of his audience over a prairie swell and out of sight.

At other times he would be more successful but always the summer Sundays were very distinctive in their demands as compared with the routine of winter work.

"The minister on the frontier," he writes several years later of just such a typical day, "where all is rough and tumble and executive details are inextricably mixed up with theology and devotion, often thinks with envy of his Eastern brother with his systematic Sabbath day and smoothly organized work. It is a great advantage to pass quickly from the study to the pulpit full of one's message and confident of the coöperation of a harmonious service and the attendance of an inspiring audience. Such is not the lot of the Indian missionary, as the following picture of one day's experience will show : Soon after breakfast he started through the

broiling heat to arrange for his morning service, for the Indian is very susceptible to immediate impulses, and church announcements a week old are ancient and untrustworthy fables to his easily deflected good intentions. Down at Black Wolf's camp is one of the Christian girls who is fighting a losing battle with tuberculosis, and so the mistress of the manse puts into his hands some 'white man's food' that may tempt the whimsical appetite. He goes around by the drug-store to leave a message for the doctor about a sick woman, and the clerk, a stalwart young Christian, opens the door and tells with enthusiasm of the last baseball victory of the nine he captains, and how, in spite of great pressure, he had refused to play a Sunday game. While they talk a railroad surveyor from the tents near by—for even the quiet little Indian valley is threatened by this symptom of progress—strolls in through the half-open door and demands a glass of soda-water, only to be met by the clerk's astounding statement that such things are not sold on Sunday. Evidently the long, up-hill fight for Sabbath observance is beginning to tell. But the surveyor is not a Sabbatarian, for he ejaculates the name of Jesus Christ in an impatient oath, whereupon the parson remarks, 'Yes, we try to serve Jesus Christ in this little valley, and if we can't give you cold drinks, we should be very glad to have all you boys come down to the English service to-night;' and sure enough they all came.

"Then, across the fields to Wautan's camp, ar-

ranging for a Cheyenne interpreter on the way, a little visit with the sick girl, an invitation to the inmates of each tepee to the service, through the cornfield to tell Julia and Star Woman, and then around by Good Bear's and Bear Bow's to the main Cheyenne camp. Here Big Jake is asked to cry the camp, and straightway his trumpet tones ring out over the whole valley. Next the church bell must be rung and the church opened up, and then over beyond the parsonage to the Arapahoe camp. Blind old Cheyenne Chief, whose misleading name disguises the fact that he is an Arapahoe, invites to the 'medicine house' in stentorian voice, while the pastor proceeds to hunt up an Arapahoe interpreter. 'Where is Leonard?' he asks in the sign-language. 'Gone to the Washita,' comes back the reply. 'And Hartley?' 'Gone to Weatherford.' 'And Jock?' 'He is lying over there sick.' And so through the whole list of English-speaking men with the same disappointing results. 'Mildred, I will have to use you.' A swift expression of fear crosses the honest face of our faithful Mildred, but she says with her slow enunciation, 'I can do it for you,' and so that question is settled. Then over to the parsonage to wash up, and afterwards to the church to meet the gathering congregation, stopping at Spotted Bear's camp en route to get old blind Kooiss, and lead her by her broom-handle cane to the service. All this is not very good preparation for a sermon, you think. Not so bad after all, for even if he enters the pul-

pit with shoes dusty and perspiratory glands unduly active, the pastor has caught some spiritual warmth from this advance contact with those whom he is to address and he needs patience and love more than finish and eloquence for this service.

“ Well, here they come—a unique audience, with their dark skins, brilliant costumes and moccasined feet. The only white people are the mission workers and a few school employees and one curious visitor. A dozen or so Indian girls who are spending part of their vacation at the school come in neatly dressed and take their seats near the organ, where they can help with the singing. Here comes old Cheyenne Chief, whose blind steps little five-year-old White Feather is leading with a stick. Yonder is Big Jake, whose complete name, Little Big Jake Little Medicine, might well satisfy a Spanish don. He used to be hostile to us, but last year his favorite son died and the grim old man has been different ever since. There, with his whole household, is Two Babies, who was lately made a policeman and who deems it incumbent upon him to uphold the claims of religion as well as those of law and order. And so we might go through the whole audience of thirty-five or forty souls and find in each something more profoundly interesting than mere oddity of appearance and manners. It is a sweet and invariable compensation in this fishing for souls that the dullest personality becomes full of interest to the Christian worker.

"Mildred has come and taken her place among the women, but where is Ed, the Cheyenne interpreter? After tedious waiting a messenger is sent to camp and returns with the word that Ed has just come back from catching his horses, and is so hot and tired that he cannot come. There is no other interpreter in the house, and all these Cheyennes waiting for the message, so back the messenger goes and labors so effectively that soon he appears followed by the steaming, reluctant Ed. The songs have been sung; Wautan has led in prayer; and now the preacher reads and explains the story of the Master coming across the stormy waters to rescue His followers 'toiling in rowing.' Jesus, our Saviour, Helper, Friend, amid the storms of life is the theme, and slowly it is wrought out through the interpreters to the attentive audience. One must have faith in the power of the Word when it has to be proclaimed in this bungling fashion, but experience has taught the presence of that power, and we learn to be patient. When Cheyenne Chief, a new convert, as yet unbaptized, has responded fervently to an invitation to pray, a song has been explained and sung and the benediction pronounced, the little congregation scatters to the various camps, and the morning service is over.

"The pastor is planning to preach to the English-speaking people at night on a subject suited to Christians, and counts on the quiet afternoon to complete the preparation of the sermon, but scarcely

has he seated himself at his desk when two Indian girls arrive with the word that Edna Ridge Bear's two days' old baby has most unexpectedly closed its eyes on the sordid tepee walls and opened them on the Palace of the King. Hartley, the father, is away, they say, and Edna wants the pastor to help her. So word is sent to Mr. Seger, who instructs Wautan to make the rude little coffin, and three Indian men are sent to dig the grave.

"In the interim the 'medicine talker' sits down to prepare a different sermon for the night service, for word has come that the surveyor's camp intends to turn out en masse, and it is safe to assume that their spiritual needs call for something else than the edification of saints. So he works away getting ready a message fitted to the tempted lives of a lot of reckless young men, until word comes that the coffin and grave are ready and the mission 'hack' at the door. Hartley has come home now; and the big fellow, his face drawn and heart bursting with this sudden grief, looks hopelessly on while the women lay amid the blankets in the box the little form—so little and so soon spent—neatly wrapped in the baby garments that the mother's loving hands had made. The pastor nails down the lid, and then the low moaning cry from the mother as her little one is carried out proves that mother love is no monopoly of civilization, and that, as two days since this Indian woman tasted its joy, now she drinks the dregs of its bitter cup of disappointment.

"It is but a little company that stands about the

grave—three of the mission workers, three Indian men, two sympathizing women, and a few dark-eyed children. The heat is intolerable, and the hot sand fairly burns the feet. The father, with suppressed emotion, interprets the Bible passage, and after a few words of earnest exhortation, a song is sung and then each man takes his turn at the shovel until the grave is filled. This is the third time this educated father and mother have laid a little one to rest. Twice they have hardened their hearts. God grant that this time they may yield!

“Supper is over and the church bell rings cheerily over the valley. It is an interesting audience that is gathered as the pastor takes his place; not so large as in the winter, for the school has its vacation now, but made up chiefly of live young people, among whom may be classed the sturdy squad of surveyors who affect the back seats because they have no Sunday clothes. The little stone church is brightly lighted and the place is cheery and homelike. The music is spirited, and all join in it. Then the preacher tells of those rulers who feared to acknowledge Christ ‘because they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God,’ and urges each soul to line up with Jesus Christ. They are good listeners, these young men and women of the frontier, and they like plain speaking. Well, they had it to-night, and more than one serious face and earnest hand-grasp encouraged the tired pastor to believe that the truth had found its mark.

“It is sweet to sit on the broad parsonage veranda while the valley grows quiet, and the teepees in the camp change from golden yellow to ghostly white as one by one the lights are put out, and to talk over the hopeful signs of the day. Its hardships and burdens are forgotten, and one conviction stands out, and that is this: it is a glorious thing to work with God for the souls of men.”

* * * * *

In April, Mr. Wright had joined them and now that the work at Colony had dwindled in volume, they rolled out their hacks, fastened the chuck-boxes in position, stowed the cots, the suit-cases, the tents and the rolls of bedding under the seats, and started out for the months in the field.

III

EXPANSION

UP a long hill skirting the valley and the strange wind-blown sand-hills, up, up, a gradual ascent till suddenly and unexpectedly just at the point when they thought it would go on forever they reached the top. Away and away the eye leaped to where the rugged outline of the Wichitas lay blue against the hot white sky. The prairie rolled before them and behind, red of sandstone, gray of sage-brush, yellow of waving prairie-grass, and the crawling green line of timber marking the few streams and the distant Washita—liberty and space in every line. Before, far before, were the mountains and the scene of Mr. Wright's first unsuccessful venture which now they were returning to retrieve. On they went over the prairie, hour after hour, with the sharp line of the mountains coming ever nearer, till late in the afternoon they crossed the treacherous river and turned west to the shadow of Rainy Mountain's shaven mound where they were to camp for the night.

The next morning found them early on the road, winding through a country growing hourly more rough till they passed under the shoulder of Mount Scott, rugged giant of the Wichitas, and entered the military reservation of Fort Sill with the

long low wooden houses crowning each high spot of ground where Geronimo's band of Apaches were held as prisoners of war. Occasionally they passed one of these Indians on the road, and the red head-band, the hard face and suspicious hawk-like eyes brought to mind the pirates of old tales. So on until the long journey came to an end at the Comanche school.

In Mr. Wright's audience one night had been the young girl Dorothy, who had once acted as interpreter for the missionary, and who was the niece and adopted daughter of Nahwatz, priest of Mescal and the Sun. Her foster-father, being a shrewd man, realized the value of a knowledge of English ; and with this in mind, had sent her to the school, but he had strictly forbidden her to have anything to do with the white man's religion. That night, however, her curiosity and interest had been at once aroused and always when the missionaries returned to the school on their various visits to Fort Sill, they found this young girl and some of her friends awaiting them, shy but eager and interested. One day Dorothy came to them with pale set face but shining eyes and said she wanted to be baptized. They asked her if she had told Nahwatz.

"Yes," she said, "and he is very angry and says he will throw me away if I do this thing. But I told him I must. I want to be baptized."

It took time to gain the consent of the Mescal leader but finally it was arranged that the service should take place under the trees near the mission-

aries' camp. As a number of the Indians had gathered out of curiosity, when the ceremony began there was a crowd about the ministers and the young girl. On the ground at the back crouched Nahwatz, his white medicine-feather floating softly above his head. He allowed the service to proceed a little way and then suddenly he pushed through the crowd and confronted the missionaries.

"You must not go on till you have heard me," he said through the interpreter. "Dorothy tells me that now, to-day, she is going one way and I am going another. While we live we can look into each other's faces, but when we die the ways go ever apart and we shall never meet again. I cannot have Dorothy walk in one road while I walk in another. I want to go with Dorothy. I don't know the road but Dorothy does. Your guide-book there"—and he pointed to the little testament in the worker's hand—"I can't read it, but she will teach me. I don't know what I am to do in this new road, but she will show me. Take me too if you must take her. I cannot walk in the old road while Dorothy walks the new."

Here was a strange situation, and the missionaries drew aside to consult over the perplexing dilemma. It was manifestly impossible to accept the man, for he had no idea what he was doing, no conception of his own need, no motive but his love for this girl; and yet to refuse such a plea as that—— After a few moments Mr. Wright spoke :

“Dorothy, you have heard what your uncle says. We will not take you now ; but we are giving you a great thing to do. Our people to the north, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes, are calling us and we must go to them, but after six weeks we will come back again. Meanwhile you take your Bible and teach Nahwatz all about this new road. Read the story to him and teach him, and then, when we return, if he understands and still wants to walk with you, we will take you both.”

So they left it. The Indians afterwards said that all through the time that they were gone they could hear the voice of Dorothy going on hour after hour late into the night, reading, and explaining the Bible to Nahwatz and her family and any of the other Indians who came to listen. When the missionaries returned they found much interest. They had made their way to Nahwatz's camp to find a sweet welcome from Dorothy. Her stepfather, Chataneyerque, and mother were there, with three old women—two of them her grandmothers. At the first service which was held, Nahwatz showed an insight and aptness of understanding that delighted the missionaries. Dr. Roe explained very simply the plan of salvation and then asked if any of the others were willing to cast aside their heathen worship and follow Jesus all their lives. With great earnestness, first the father lifted his hand high above his head, and then stretched it out to Dr. Roe. After a moment's hesitation the mother did the same and the three white-haired

women followed, each making a clear solemn declaration of her purpose and desire to go with her children on the Jesus road. That same night quite a company had gathered, and after a very sweet service Mr. Wright baptized the little family group. In an old diary of Mrs. Roe's are these words: "It was a remarkable sight when Mr. Wright stood there with Dorothy in Indian dress by his side. Before them were these camp Indians, all very diminutive, scarcely coming to Mr. Wright's shoulder. The old women had faces seamed over with many wrinkles, but kindly after all in expression, white hair falling like a thatch over their faces as they stood in reverent attitude. Dorothy's father and mother, both very small, each held one of their beautiful children and all were baptized together. We feel that God is blessing us as we see this entire family brought to the light."

The workers could only stay a few days, but they were enough for them to realize the sincerity and strength of the Comanche medicine-man and to appreciate the thoroughness of Dorothy's work. When the parting came it was with real sorrow that they shook hands with the little group of gentle, affectionate people they had come so soon to love.

All through the golden days of early fall the missionaries jogged over the hot dusty trails of the Cheyenne country. The tales of the old people impressed upon their minds more clearly than ever before the inadequacy and the mockery of the

camp-life, for mockery it was of the old days when food depended on the skill and hardihood of the hunter, and safety on the ingenuity of the warrior. Men then were men, as the old people truly said, not the effeminate gamblers and do-nothings that now filled the camps. "Yet what could we do?" they urged in one of the councils over the camp-fire. "What could we do? The white man with his gun has killed and driven away the buffalo and the game; he has shut us up on our reservations. There is no longer any need for fighting. What is left for us to do?"

Then the missionaries would talk of the farming which the Government was trying to help them to undertake, and would tell them to "push, push, and learn this new road." But even as they talked with their growing understanding of these people, they realized the hardships of the "new road." The Indian allotments are scattered and lonely, while Indians are above all else a sociable people. The old camps existed not only for defense, but even more for the enjoyment of companionship. The old religion, which, with the younger generation at least, was losing its hold as a vital force, still clung on because its feasts, its Ghost Dances, and its Sun Dances were the only forms of social life they knew, and social life they must have. Abhorring the immoral practices that as an inevitable result had grown up around the ceremonies of the dying faith, as Dr. and Mrs. Roe uncompromisingly did, they yet realized that these cere-



"Clinging to the Old Life."

monies would remain as long as nothing better replaced them. They could never be stamped out successfully. They must be replaced. But by what? It was perfectly clear, if it was to be permanent in result, the choice of a better form of social life must be made by the Indian's own deliberation, not forced on him by the superior wisdom of his advisers. But how tempt him to such a choice? These were the questions that haunted the missionaries demanding a solution, forcing them to enlarge the scope of plans suggested by the first summer's experience of the hardships of camp-life.

Perhaps it was in these days that they came to know and understand that most tragic figure of the Indian camps, "the tame wolf gone wild again," the returned student reverted to the blanket. They saw their hopeless situation when they came from the school, young, full of high ideals of service often, eager to lead and help, to be met in the tepees by suspicion and ridicule. With no place but the camp to go to, yet with no part in the old life, they struggle, often heroically, to keep the faith and the ideals the school has given them, but they are so alone, so terribly alone. Year by year the school experience fades into the past and their isolation grows till one day the rising flood of customs endeared by childish memory, and the longing for the fellowship of their own kind overpowers them and they go down before it, throwing themselves into the old ways in which they no

longer believe with a hardened recklessness more difficult to overcome than the fanaticism of a devotee.

What could be done to hold these young people steady, to give them the sympathy they needed, and to make them feel they were not fighting alone ?

In that volume of the minutes of the Mohonk Indian Conferences, which contains the proceedings of 1898, is recorded a speech which shows how Mrs. Roe met and answered these questions.

In November Dr. and Mrs. Roe had gone north to meet the members of the Board for which they were working and to speak in the various churches, and so it was that they found themselves the guests of Mr. Smiley at Lake Mohonk and members of one of the conferences which he gathered and entertained each year. One afternoon Dr. Roe had spoken and the slender, frail man with his great soul and compelling eyes had held that audience of statesmen and scholars to breathless attention. That evening they were asked to supper at the host's table, for Mr. Smiley was interested in the thin-faced missionary and wished to hear more. Some of the great needs of the Indian race were brought up for discussion and in the conversation which followed Mrs. Roe made a suggestion that at once caught Mr. Smiley's ear.

"Mrs. Roe," he said, "you will have to lay that before the conference ;" and in spite of her gasp of protest and astonishment, he hurried off to arrange for space on the program of the evening. As Mrs.

Roe rose to plead in five short minutes this need of a misunderstood race, she saw before her not the lighted room full of people but the bent, shrivelled form of white-haired blind Kooiss as she gave the missionary her parting message: "Happy Woman, my white sister, you must speak strong for us." So for the old woman she spoke.

She touched on the need of the people of an opportunity for self-support, especially of the women whom the Government farming could not reach; she spoke of upholding the returned students who have had careful training but who are unexpressibly isolated in the camps, and of supplying some substitute for the old time social life with its admixture of paganism, which civilization and Christianity were combining to destroy. Then she told them of her plan for building a house on the Indian reservation—such a house as would not be beyond the reach of any ambitious Indian family. At one side she would have a men's room with a big fireplace to be a social centre in place of the Sun Dance and Ghost Dance; on the other a women's room with stove, sewing-machine and laundry, appliances unknown in camp that go to make life easy and cleanliness possible. Here women would gather and be taught the proper care of home and children, and here could be simple arrangements for a workshop and hospital in case of need. It could be a returned students' gathering place where books and friendliness would give the backing to lonely lives. She would have it a

model home kept clean by the women, warmed by the men. It would cost but little to run and it would represent to a people just starting out on a new road what a home should be. "These people are worthy of your help," she said in closing. "Two Christian Kiowa women wanted some money to give to their church. It was long before they could think of a way to get any, but at last they took a wagon and went up and down the prairie picking up the sun-bleached bones that lie scattered here and there over the plains. It took them three days to fill their wagon and then they drove sixty miles to market where they sold their load for three dollars.

"All they ask is a chance to help themselves. And does not such a people deserve the chance?"

The speech as reported is not long, but for all its simplicity, so brimful of enthusiasm, so fired with faith in the ability of the Indian that its effect was electrical. Contrary to the usual custom a collection was taken and over \$1,200 subscribed in a few minutes. The following spring the house was built at Colony, and called after the manner of its giving, "The Mohonk Lodge."

In the large room with the wide stone fireplace were tables, simple easy chairs, books, and games, and here came the old women and men from the camp to warm themselves before the comfortable blaze, the little schoolgirl to revel in the endless joys of a box of paper dolls and the educated Indian to read and write; while often at night the floor

might be covered with the sleeping figures of those who had sought refuge from storm or cold. In the other large room was a big cooking-stove, wash-boiler, tubs, with a wringer at one end, several quilting frames leaning against the wall, and two large cupboards, as well as a long table for the use of the industrial department when it should be started. There were two sewing-machines and a small wall closet containing a few simple medicines, such as the average family finds useful. Opening off this was a small room to be used as hospital in case of need. The loft under the sloping roof gave rooms for returned students as well as space for storage.

From the first the missionaries adopted the plan of never urging the Indians to come but of supplying what they needed and wanted, and then leaving the house open night and day.

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Dr. and Mrs. Roe had been wanting to start a Christian Endeavor Society among the school children but at first it seemed as if there were insurmountable difficulties in their natural shyness and in the fact that Indian girls are trained to believe that speaking above a whisper is immodest almost to the point of indecency. At last, however, in the spring of 1899 it seemed as if the time had come. Twenty-one of the older boys and girls were invited to meet in one of the teacher's rooms. It was quite a close squeeze for all to get in and some were obliged to sit on the wood-box, but when all had

some sort of a place Mr. Roe began by telling how the society had started and explained in simple language and by concrete examples the meaning of the pledge. He then said that only those who were willing honestly to sign and keep that pledge could be members of the society, and they were to think it over and pray about it and then come the next Monday with their minds made up.

The next week all twenty-one came and with the solemn faces with which an Indian always puts his name to any promise on paper they all signed, with curly shaded capitals and tipsy little letters, from Edward Yellow Calf, the oldest boy, to Clara Sioux, the littlest girl. Officers were elected and arrangements were made for the next prayer-meeting to be held on the following Monday. This meeting began with a few words by Mrs. Roe and the two teachers. Then "contrary to all Christian Endeavor principles," said Dr. Roe, "there came a most awful pause. At last I looked at Edward and asked him to start off. After a series of premonitory clearings of the throat—a sure sign with an Indian that he is preparing to say something—he recited his verse very distinctly, and one after another the boys followed his example.

"But the girls! I wish you could have seen our struggles to get them under way. I would say, 'Minnie, are you ready?' and Minnie's eyes would become stony and her whole frame fairly petrified with terror. 'Julia, what is your verse?' and Julia's face would flush deep crimson while her

hands were almost twisting themselves and her dress to pieces from sheer agitation. 'Marguerite, can't you give us a word?' and she would swallow and swallow and swallow, as if her verse, like the measles, had struck in and was going down her throat instead of up. But at last all had gasped out something, and when the meeting closed all went away very happy to think that they had kept their promise."

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In the fall came a letter from Mr. Wright in the Apache country with a wonderful story to tell. He had been having an experience so disheartening and discouraging that at last after weeks of incessant battling against the wall of indifference he had packed up his outfit and started to leave the field. "And this is the last time," he said to himself, as he gathered up the reins, "this is the last time. I'm not coming again. I'm going where I can get in."

As he neared the reservation gate he saw a man on horseback ahead of him who dismounted and opened the gate, then hearing the rattle of the heavy outfit behind him, he courteously stood aside and held the gate open to let the wagons pass.

"Stranger," he remarked, as the wagon drew near, "that's a queer looking outfit you have there; might I ask what is your business in this country?"

"I am a missionary to the Indians, and I am looking for a place to begin a work."

"Well, if that's your business, why don't you do

something for these Indians? God knows they need it badly enough."

"Why, man dear," exclaimed Mr. Wright, "I have been trying for over three years to get in here. But I have had to give it up. I cannot get permission to preach."

The man closed the gate softly before the team and mounted his horse.

"You come back to Fort Sill to-morrow and see me," he said. "I am Lieutenant Beach, who has just been sent down to take charge of these Indians. We need a missionary on this reservation and we will see what we can do for you."

While the soldier rode on about his business Mr. Wright camped for the night. The next morning found him early on the way to Fort Sill to see his new friend. As a result a council of the Indians was called. Mr. Wright had often thought over various ways of handing this fierce, suspicious band until he had come to believe that a Christian school where the children could be taught and cared for would be the surest entering-wedge, so now he asked the chiefs if they would consent and give their support to this.

Old Geronimo himself, the lynx-eyed leader of the band, rose to give their astonishing answer.

"I, Geronimo, and these others," he said, "are now too old to travel your Jesus road. But our children are young and I and my brothers will be glad to have the children taught about the white man's God."

So Mr. Wright wrote that Lieutenant Beach was pushing matters at Washington to get the Department's permission to place the mission on military ground and he was going north to get money for the buildings and to find a teacher to begin the new work.

Dr. Roe picked up the *Outlook* he had been reading when the letter came, and opened it to the editorial on the Congressional debates over our new dependencies, then he lifted his eyes to his wife's glowing face as she stood re-reading the words of Geronimo's speech. His glance wandered out to the brooding roof of the Mohonk Lodge, midway down the mission compound to the church, and so back to his *Outlook* again.

" 'Expansion,' " he read, and then laughed softly, "Expansion is the order of the day."

IV

THE BREAKING OF THE RANKS

THE Mohonk Lodge, like every other new institution among Indians, had to begin slowly. Mrs. Roe's first idea had been that the actual work of the "Indian House" would fall to the Indian women, that they would prepare for any festivities or clear away afterwards, that they would keep it clean and in order, as the best of them did their tepees in camp. But a few weeks' experience showed the necessity for modifying this plan. Housekeeping in a tepee was a very different science from that in a white man's house. If anything spilled on an Indian woman's pounded earth floor, her method was to let it soak in as speedily as might be and when any given area became soaked to the point of saturation so that odors were intolerable even to a camp-trained nose, then she moved her tepee to a new spot, leaving the sunshine, the rain and Nature's scavengers to do a more thorough house-cleaning than she could ever hope to accomplish. Presented with the problem of a non-porous floor and an immovable structure the Indian's method effected nothing but a glaring failure. Yet this very failure made apparent the need of a "model house" to

afford training for the time, inevitably approaching, when the house should supplant the tepee. The missionary accordingly abandoned her position of superintendent from without, to attend to the details of cleaning, using the Indian women as helpers wherever possible and so teaching them the "white man's road." At first they viewed with impatience and a very evident feeling of superiority all the flurry of work, but the missionary trusted to stormy days to drive them from the misery of rain-drenched camp to the dry warmth of the Mohonk Lodge, and to demonstrate the superiority of the white man's house.

There was one thing which was threatening to limit the scope of this new enterprise, the same which had complicated work among these tribes from the beginning—their strange unconquerable jealousy. The Mohonk Lodge, like the mission buildings, had been located in the valley where the Cheyennes had always camped. Therefore the Arapahoes who had pitched their tepees on the hillside had chosen to consider this a Cheyenne Mission, nor had three years of constant battling availed to shake them from their attitude of cold hostility. Special efforts had been made to win them but always in vain. They heard of the study of their language with indifference, and the very summer previous to the building of the Lodge, they had given the missionaries a never-to-be-forgotten demonstration of how far their hostility would go.

It was with a sinking heart, then, that Mrs. Roe noticed that none of the old men spreading cold hands before the open fire in the men's room were Arapahoes, and that the audience which displayed childlike astonishment at the magic-lantern pictures that Dr. Roe threw on an impromptu screen one night was made up only of Cheyennes. The missionary's wife struggled bravely to offset the weight of traditional taboo without avail, until her breaking health told her that the task lay beyond her strength, burdened as she already was with her share of mission routine as well as an extraordinary amount of clerical work due to the fact that Dr. Roe's eyes were of little use to him. Here was a situation to be dealt with at once if it was to be handled at all. Day and night the missionaries puzzled over it until, before Mrs. Roe had to leave on her enforced vacation, they felt the solution had been found.

The Lodge should have a matron who would give all her time to the social and industrial education of these Indians, a matron who would be also a professional nurse who could win her way even among the Arapahoes by her care of the sick. Mrs. Roe's early experience was still strong in her mind; she felt sure that an anxious woman would not consult tribal jealousy in the extremity when a life was at stake. Once the ice was broken with the tribe, the way would be clear.

Dr. Roe was determined that the Lodge-work should remain undenominational. It was decided

that the expenses of maintenance be divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each to be placed among friends of the Indians. Thus the necessary funds were provided and in April, 1900, Miss Mary Jensen came to Colony, beginning her work even before her salary was secured. It had been decided that the industrial department should revive the dying art of bead-work. With the newly acquired capital, skins, beads, and sinew were provided. Miss Jensen and Mrs. Roe soon had the industry under way, for the Indian women knew and loved the work, while a market was easily found for their beautiful goods.

The greater part of the new matron's time was taken up with the work of the Indian house and in the camps, for which she proved to be peculiarly fitted. She was a little woman with large, prominent soft brown eyes which beamed from behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, a rapid, almost brusque utterance softened by a pretty Danish accent, and an energetic quick gait that immediately won her, from the observant Indians, the name of "Fast Walker."

For years, whenever the Lodge gate clicked and the Indian women looked up smiling to watch the characteristic little figure, instinct with life and forcefulness, hurrying across the camp with a covered dish in one hand and in the other her stout whip with which she could manfully belabor any of the wolfish Indian dogs that dared attack her, they would say: "See, there goes 'Fast Walker.'"

But those who were sick or in trouble learned to say, with a sigh of relief or a smile of welcome, "Here comes our Little White Mother."

Soon after she came she had Ground Nose and his wife move their tepee and the tall windbreak of wattled weeds surrounding it over near the Lodge, that she might give better and more constant care to Amasa, one of the older schoolgirls who was in the last stages of consumption. The girl was an orphan and Ground Nose had offered her the shelter of his tepee. The first morning of the new arrangement, the matron entered to find Amasa sitting upright on her bed of quilts, her thin hands locked together, and her face distorted with suppressed emotion. Miss Jensen sat beside her and loosening the tense fingers stroked them between her small, warm palms. As she expected, the story burst forth.

"That old man and his wife," cried the girl in a choked voice, "they are all the time talking of the wooden box they will bury me in, and what will become of my land."

The matron's eyes snapped but she only said quietly, "Well, when you get better, just think how you can laugh at them."

But the Indian girl shook her head.

"I am not going to get better," she said. "I am getting weaker all the time. I know I am going to die."

Miss Jensen's fingers closed firmly over the girl's hand, which she still held.



The Little White Mother.

"Surely you are not crying about that, are you? You are a Christian, Amasa; you are not afraid."

"No-o," said the girl, and Miss Jensen looked at her sharply.

"Why, child! think of your mother, and Clara, and Woista and Amy"—naming school friends and playmates that had already taken the long trail—"and, Amasa, it is beautiful there, more beautiful than it is here, even now in the spring time. You will be happy all the day long, so you will forget how it is to be sad and you will forget how to cry. Why, child, I would just long to go to a place as wonderful as the place you are going, and yet you sit here and cry. I am ashamed of you. You don't know when you are well off." As she had been talking the matron had been shaking out the hot blankets that formed the girl's bed and straightening her rumpled clothing. Now she stopped and uncovered a bowl of soup that sent up a cloud of fragrant steam. "See," she said, "I brought you something good, and now I am going to help you eat it." With an arm about the girl's thin shoulders she fed her the soup, talking all the while in her quick, brusque way, telling the news of the camp.

"There now, child," she said as she rose to go, "that looks better. What shall I bring you next time? Would an orange taste good? So? Well, you shall have it." Once more she scanned the thin face sharply. "Are you afraid now?" she asked.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, "I am happy."

Miss Jensen nodded energetically.

"That's right. Just you keep thinking how lucky you are, and don't let me be ashamed of you again."

The girl laughed and promised and Miss Jensen went on her way.

In the adjoining teepee where she went to look after a sick baby now fast getting well, she found the wife of Yellow Eyes. Her husband had been recently baptized and she had immediately "thrown him away." At first she refused to return Miss Jensen's greeting, but when the matron, determined not to be rebuffed, sat quietly down beside her, the Indian woman half laughed, and deigned to take part in a conversation of signs. She maintained that she hated her husband, the church and all things Christian, giving as her reason, when pressed for one, that her heart was "a heap bad." If God would take away her "bad heart" she would feel good to all and be baptized, she said naively, shifting all responsibility from her own shoulders. Miss Jensen's brown eyes grew bright and hard as she watched the sullen gestures.

"You and I are very different," she retorted. "You say you are afraid of our 'medicine'— the church, the Bible and baptism. You are afraid of those things. You are not afraid to throw lies and bad words against His children that are walking in Jesus road."

Mrs. Yellow Eyes looked at the white woman in

bravado for a moment, but then her eyes shifted uneasily. Miss Jensen saw the shot had told. Outside she met Bull Looking Around whom she stopped to congratulate on the beautiful bead-work his wife was doing and the many dollars she was catching thereby. At White Man's tepee she found Clara much better so that she could hurry on across the road to the Arapahoe camp. Here she visited first the tepee of an Arapahoe woman who had married a negro, once a wild evil man, but now distressed with asthma and pathetically dependent on the matron's care, as he had no faith in the "medicine-men."

The old negro, Wash, was out, so "Fast Walker" turned first to Coffey who lay on the old man's bed. This Arapahoe man was in the last stages of consumption and otherwise loathsomely diseased. Calling to Mrs. Robinson to bring her some hot water she bathed his sores and then straightened his bed of blankets, promising to send him some soup by Dr. Roe who would be up in the afternoon to talk to him. Then she turned her attention to Mrs. Robinson with her baby and little White Feather whom she had pulled up from death's door. At sight of the dirty little pair she seemed overcome with indignation.

"Look at these children," she cried, for this Indian woman could understand her English, "just look at these children, and they might be such nice little children, too. Haven't I told you how bad it is for them to be dirty like this? Have you for-

gotten how White Feather almost died because you left those dirty cans around for him to play with and eat out of? Now look at this baby's eyes. I guess you want him to be blind like Cheyenne Chief. I told you that it is that in the corner of his eyes which brings the blindness. Get some more hot water and take this cloth and wash them out. So! That is better. Now wash both their faces and their hands." The big woman obediently washed the baby with the white cloth the matron had given her and then laid hands on her small son. Miss Jensen surveyed him with a critical eye and advised soap, but one glance at the tomato colored cake convinced her that its omission was safest. After both children had been hygienically attended to and White Feather's howls had subsided, she treated the baby's scalp. Then she planted a kiss on the temporarily clean little cheek, much appreciated by the mother and never known to be given except to a clean little baby.

At the pig-pen she met the old negro, and had to stop to admire his two little pigs, a very unusual possession in an Indian camp and an example of thrift to be encouraged. Then she turned homeward, stopping on the way for an invitation to Emil, a Christian Endeavor boy fast going with consumption, telling him to come to the parsonage for one good meal a day.

Such was Miss Jensen's camp-work which took up a part of every day and, added to the growing

activities in the Lodge building, filled the matron's time to overflowing.

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In April after Mrs. Roe's return a short camping-trip was planned, but just before they started off, Wash Robinson, the old negro, came to the door and asked to see Dr. Roe. He said that the Arapahoe Indian, Coffey, was now so weak and sick that it took too much of Mrs. Robinson's time to look after him. Did the missionary know any place where he could take him? Dr. Roe thought a moment.

"What do you say, Mary," he said, turning to his wife, "shall we put him in the Lodge?"

Mrs. Roe was afraid of the effect of superstition should the man die there, but the urgency of the case and the opportunity to demonstrate the Arapahoe share in the Lodge prevailed. Dr. Roe told Wash to bring the dying man, that they would have a place for him, and Mrs. Roe hurried down to help Miss Jensen set up a cot. The preparations were scarcely completed before Wash appeared at the open door of the men's room, carrying the emaciated form of the dying Indian in his arms. They laid him on the cot under one of the windows, where he could lie and watch the black-jacks tossing their branches in the ceaseless Oklahoma wind.

Many times on that short trip the missionaries talked of him. Dr. Roe doubted if they would find him on their return.

"None of the Arapahoes, not even Mrs. Robinson will go near the house," he said, "and the man will find it too lonely, I am afraid, with no one to talk to but Miss Jensen, and she away so much of the day."

But when they came in sight of the Lodge, a red-blanketed figure on the porch caught their eyes, and there was Coffey. Dr. Roe asked him in the sign-language how he was.

"Oh, this is a good place," he answered. "When the wind blows, I don't feel it; when it rains, it don't get in here. When I am hungry that white woman"—he jerked his head towards the room behind him—"she brings me good food and fills me up. When I wake up in the night she comes, that white woman, and gives me water and medicine till I come up again. She stays by me when I sleep. My heart is glad because I am in this good place."

The missionaries now took their part with Miss Jensen in the care of Coffey, and Dr. Roe saw in the routine of teaching the man a chance to indulge in one of his invariable practices, that of giving a visitor some share of the mission life. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Roe's sister, had been at Colony ever since the break in health which had forced the missionary's wife into temporary absence, and now a share in the instruction of Coffey might be the means of interesting a future worker. Accordingly the missionary suggested that Mrs. Page take the new scroll of pictures of the life of Christ and

explain it to the sick man with Mildred, one of the girls who had been in the school, to interpret for her. Mrs. Page immediately hunted up the scroll and with Mildred's help carried it down to the Lodge where she set it up on a chair beside the Indian's cot.

"Now, Coffey," she said, "we have come down to show you some pictures of a good man."

Coffey grunted his satisfaction and pleasure. Then, slowly, simply, while the Indian's large eyes never left the pictured scenes, she told him the story. When she had done, he sat for some time in silence.

"When it is sunset," he pleaded, "come and tell me the story of that good man again."

The white woman said she could not come again at sunset, but the next day she would return. Every day that week, with Mildred, she carried the pictures down and went through them, the Indian listening with grave attention or asking a question now and then. One day Mrs. Page said :

"I have other pictures here, Coffey. Don't you want to see them too?" She started to turn back to the Old Testament scenes, but he put up his hand and stopped her.

"No," he said, "I just want to hear about that good man."

"Coffey, do you know who He is?"—and when he answered no—"He is Jesus that the missionaries have been telling you about."

Coffey turned startled eyes to look at her, a

strange expression on his face, but he said nothing. A few days later she pointed to his hands scarred with the prayer-cuts of the Badger-worship.

"I know you pray to the Badger," she said, "and sometimes you pray to other animals. But have you ever prayed to Jesus?"

He hesitated a moment and then answered her in the sign-language.

"I know He is strong. I have heard the 'medicine talker' tell of him, and that white woman who takes care of me, and now you. Since just a little while, I have been praying to Him."

"Have you ever wondered, Coffey, why God lets you live?"—then to his eager affirmative—"Perhaps He has work for you to do."

"I am old, I am very sick. I haven't any strength like I used to have. What work could I do?" The questioning face was pathetic in its eagerness.

"You can go to the tepees of your people and tell them about this good man. For many years the missionaries have been trying to talk to your people, but they will not listen. Perhaps they would listen to you."

The Indian considered. "They would throw me away," he said finally.

"Perhaps they would, but not before you had time to tell them of Jesus. Who knows if some one might not listen to you and understand?"

Coffey sat a long while silent. He was weigh-

ing the consequences of such a step. To be baptized, to stand up before them all and say he would throw away all his old life, to give his sacred promise—he knew what it would mean. Scorn and ridicule greater even than that heaped on the renegade who cut off his hair. They would drive him from their tepees and their thoughts, even as the spirits of their fathers would drive him from the Happy Hunting Grounds. If he took this road he must live and die alone. Yet these white people who had been so good to him said they were only doing as the Good Man told them, the Good Man—yes, there it was. He raised his head.

“I want to see the medicine talker,” he said.

When Dr. Roe came in Coffey did not wait for him to speak.

“When are you going to baptize me?” he asked.

Dr. Roe looked searchingly into his eyes and said, “But, Coffey, you have been a man of sin. What are you going to do with those sins of the past?” With an eager glance Coffey replied:

“That white woman she told me that Jesus, His blood, would wipe that all out. Is that straight?”

Satisfaction glowed in Dr. Roe’s face, and deep earnestness shook his voice as he answered, “Yes, my friend Coffey, that is straight!”

The missionary’s heart leaped as he realized what this man’s life might mean to his tribe. He sat long and talked with the Indian until he was

sure that Coffey understood the full significance of the step, the entire breaking away from old ideas, and that his heart was strong to meet the hostility and social ostracism it would involve. When he felt satisfied as to the man's sincerity of purpose, he told him that the next day being Sunday, they would baptize him at the evening service.

Mrs. Roe gave him some fresh turkey red to wind in his hair and Dr. Roe bought him a new white shirt, and a pair of trousers, which he insisted on wearing with the tag left sewed on the back that all might know how good and new they were.

On account of his weakness, Dr. Roe arranged that he was to stay in the Lodge till they were ready for him, so after the opening exercises the missionary explained the old man's case and sent Wautan out to bring him. Presently he appeared in the door wavering in weakness, his eyes fixed on the missionary. Dr. Roe stepped down from the little pulpit and beckoned him in. Coffey came forward feebly and taking off his hat laid it down on the communion table. Then the simple ceremony was gone through. At its close Dr. Roe said:

"Now, my brother, you are sick and you are tired. You had better go back and lie down."

Coffey looked up with his light-filled eyes. "Yes," came the swift gestures, "I am tired, but my heart is singing." Then he turned and went out.

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Roe slipped out as soon as the service was over and hurried to the Lodge to see how he was. In the men's room the cot was empty, the new clothes were folded in a neat pile, and Coffey was gone. The two women were frightened and going out on the porch they sat down to wait till Dr. Roe should come. Suddenly Mrs. Page grasped Mrs. Roe's arm. "Look!" she cried, "look!" There, feebly coming towards them down the road from the Arapahoe camp, was Coffey. They ran to meet him, fearing lest he should fall before they could reach him.

"I have been to tell my people I have been baptized," he said in answer to their questions, and they stared at him in amazement, wondering how he had ever managed to crawl so far.

"Did they throw you away?"

"I don't know," again the beautiful gesture, "but my heart is singing."

For seven days the dying man climbed the hill to the Arapahoe camp each day, dragging himself from tepee to tepee telling the life of "that Good Man." With awed faces the Indians watched him as he talked with the shadow of death already in his eyes.

When Mrs. Page had to leave for the north, she went down to say good-bye to him. He shook her hand again and again. Then through her tears she saw him speaking in the beautiful sign-language that he used so well:

"In just a little while now I am going to die,

and go to God. When I sit down up there I shall be looking for you, my friend." Such was his ceremonial farewell.

That night he was moved out into a tent, that was erected back of the parsonage, and there a few days later he died. His work was done, however. The ranks of opposition were broken. The Arapahoe camps were open at last.

V

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETINGS

ONE afternoon in October two of the leading men, one a Cheyenne and the other an Arapahoe, came up to the Colony parsonage and asked for Dr. Roe. The missionary pushed back his books and papers with a sigh, for he was deep in his Sunday evening sermon, and went down the stairs to greet the waiting men. The Indian faces were evidently anxious and Iron Eyes, for this was the name they had given the missionary, surmised that this was no ordinary social visit. The event proved him right, for they began by telling him that a great council of both Cheyennes and Arapahoes had been called to meet some sixty miles over the prairie to the east.

"Our hearts are afraid," they said. "We do not know the white man's road and many times we put our names on papers that we do not understand. We make promises in the dark, and when we have to keep them our hearts are on the ground. We are like little children and our hearts are afraid. So to-day we come to you, Iron Eyes, to ask you to go with us and give us the road. Then our hearts will be strong, for we know you will tell us straight and we will be safe."

The next morning Dr. Roe hitched Dick and Dan, the "medicine horses," to the buggy, stowed a roll of bedding under the seat and he and Mrs. Roe set off, over the prairie's swelling floor, past the old abandoned coach-stand, past Dead Woman's Canyon, where the spring of cool water is, down into the valley of the treacherous Canadian. Fearing the quicksands of the ford, they turned up the river to the bridge, and rattled across to pull up in front of a queer little hotel, wedged in between a cut-bank and the stream, where they spent the night.

Late the following afternoon they heard the beating of the tom-toms far ahead, which gradually increased in volume as they drew nearer, until they came in sight of the great, wide circle of white-coned tepees, where an eager welcome awaited them from their Christian Indians. The first night they spent in a so-called hotel in the frontier village some three miles away, but perhaps one night was enough, for early the following morning they returned to the camp and thereafter preferred to make their home with Thunder Bull and his wife Nistoya.

There were two thousand Indians in the temporary village and the missionaries soon had plenty to do. There were the ever-present sick to be cared for, there were church members who had moved away to be looked up. These Dr. Roe always advised to connect themselves with near-by churches of whatever denomination they might be. There were the long hours in council with the chiefs, and

at night, gathering about the fire in their little tepee, they talked over old times and present problems with their Christian hosts.

"I tell you what, Mary," said the missionary as they unrolled their bedding on the ground against the tepee's curved wall, "this work may be hard, slow and discouraging, but it is also full of joy and bound to win."

It was long before they could go to sleep, for outside they heard the beating of drums, the weird haunting barbaric songs, and the tinkling of bells, as the grotesquely painted, almost naked dancers kept up their strange rites till far into the night. Three days the camp held together, the last one being Sunday.

Saturday night a "blue norther" came up, one of those sudden, relentless, cold winds that carry winter and misery along with the low-hung blue gray clouds, and Dr. Roe decided to take his wife back once more to the shelter of the hotel. He most unwisely left his winter overcoat hanging in the office when they went up-stairs to bed, and the next morning it was gone. The north wind was still blowing a gale, so, as Dr. Roe said, there was nothing for him to do but "to revert to the blanket," which he did, much to the delight of his Indian friends who did not fail to point out that his belongings had been perfectly safe for three days in an Indian camp, but in one night the "heap coyote" white man had robbed him.

A Baptist missionary named Mr. King joined

them that Sunday morning and all day they worked together trying to get a Christian Council, but the chiefs, hostile to Christianity and immersed in their dancing, put them off with one excuse after another until it was too late, and they had to content themselves with gathering a few of the Christian Indians at one side and holding a short service under the trees that moaned and shivered in the biting wind.

One evening some weeks later when the two missionaries were sitting by their open fire and the leaping, crackling flames brought back the memory of those days in Thunder Bull's tepee, Dr. Roe suddenly broke the silence.

"Do you remember that old Jesuit we met in Ottawa?" he asked, and then as Mrs. Roe looked up wondering what was coming next he went on, "I was just thinking that they pretty nearly had the right of it in their handling of these Indians. He said to me: 'We must go to them. They will not come to us.' And that was the key-note of that whole sympathetic successful work of those old French Missions.

"Frank Wright and I have been talking things over and he has felt for some time that we ought to be able to make something of the council idea. Thunder Bull was telling me that in the old days when the chiefs called the people together they always gave a feast—that is, they fed them—because the men were called from their hunting and trapping and it was only right that their families should not suffer. And in return the men were

required by sacred and immemorial custom to hear and fairly consider whatever the chiefs had to propound. Isn't that worth using? Surely we could get some church back East interested enough to give us what money we would need to feed them for, say, four days, and think how many of the old-time Indians, living as they do on the ragged edge of starvation, would come for the food or for the joy of an old-time camp. We could have our chance with men who would never give us a hearing at any other time."

Miss Jensen, whose camp experience made her an authority, was called up from the Lodge, and together they worked over a menu that would be both acceptable and possible. There must be beef, of course, for no "feast" would be worthy the name to an Indian's mind without it, coffee and sugar, and after considerable deliberation flour, baking-powder and lard. The government plan of issue could be followed; that is, a census would be taken of the camp, a ticket given to each woman punched with the number of people in her tepee, thus insuring that provisions would be divided with some hope of justice and a minimum of complications.

To secure the extra men necessary to carry this plan through to success, notification was sent to the Dutch Reformed seminaries and colleges, asking them to call the attention of the young men who were working their way and considering the possibility of summer employment, to the opportunity in

the Colony field. Thus they could be sure every summer of the reënforcement that the new line of work would necessitate; an intimate knowledge of Indian progress and needs would be brought to the young men preparing for the ministry and through them to the denomination at large; and also when expanding work should call for new workers, there would be a considerable number of men, whose aptitude and ability would be known, who could come to the work with the advantage of an understanding of methods and of months of training under experienced Indian missionaries.

* * * * *

Almost at dawn on a Wednesday morning early in the summer of 1901 the mission-family began to move. There was Mr. Wright, Dr. and Mrs. Roe, and four of these young men. Although it was fully a day before the time set for the camp-meeting or Christian Council, yet they found that a few Indians were already settled and a constant procession of white-covered wagons with their dragging tepee-poles was winding down the prairie-trail to the flat by the curving line of cottonwoods that marked Cobb Creek. For an hour the missionaries were busy "snugging down" their camp. Some of the men unhitched the horses, led them down to the creek to drink, and then tethered them out to grass, while others unloaded the wagons, tossing tents, cots, rolls of bedding, and suit-cases in a promiscuous heap, but handling with tender care the chuck-box and the little sheet-iron cooking-

stove. Next came the raising of the tents in which all had to take a hand, fitting the uprights into the ridge-pole and stretching the canvas over that, bracing these uprights, while the flapping wind-blown canvas wrapped itself with diabolic ingenuity about one's struggling legs until experts like Mr. Wright and Dr. Roe could decide on the angles and drive in the tent-pegs that hold the four corner guy-ropes in position. Then on to the next, leaving some poor unhappy tender-foot to pound down the remaining comparatively unimportant ropes, consoled by Mrs. Roe who followed him about with a gunny-sack full of pegs.

When the tents were all up, the men trooped off with axes on shoulder to make the arbor for the meetings, assisted by a few of the younger Indians, and Mrs. Roe with the camp cook set up the stove and the chuck-box under the kitchen shade, and stored the provisions in the little "chuck-tent." Then when the missionary's wife had made up all the beds, unfolding and bullying the ingenious little soldier-cots into proper position and folding the many quilts into the warm sleeping pockets that the camper finds necessary even on midsummer nights on those high, wind-swept plains, when she had set up the four sewing tables of varying sizes side by side to make the camp table and had placed the wagon seats and a few rickety treacherous camp-stools about it for chairs, she could sit down to rest in the shade of a black-jack tree and watch the growing life of the Indian camp.

Near by was a wagon that had just come to a standstill and the man was leading away the horses while the woman, her baby on her back, was pulling the long poles out from behind. Near her the old grandmother, her white hair blown in elf-locks across her face, and her tattered blanket whipped about her bent, shrivelled form, was rooting up the grass with a queer bone instrument and pounding the earth down hard and smooth with a stone to make the tepee-floor. Just beyond them a young girl, evidently a bride, judging from her new equipment, had already raised the formidable tripod of sixteen-foot poles, and Mrs. Roe watched with interest the slender girlish figure as, holding the long rope that tied her three main props, she raised pole after pole, setting them in position and then with a quick turn of her wrist sending a loop whirling up the rope to settle over the pointed end and tie it fast. Every movement was easy, assured and graceful, and the brown face, framed in its wings of glossy black hair, that she turned to her mother who cackled approval from the wagon-seat, was radiant with winsome happiness.

The two last poles to which the spotless new tepee cloth was fastened were put in place, the cloth was pinned securely together save for the low doorway at the bottom, the lower edge was staked down close on the sunny side but pushed up a little on the other to catch the breeze, before the mother descended from her perch to light the fire in the hole in the centre of the tepee's floor while



"She Raised Pole After Pole."

the girl adjusted the triangular flaps over the smoke hole to get the best draught. Then she came round to the tepee door, looking from under the shade of her curved hand towards the creek. Up through the tepees, the standing wagons, the racing dogs and shouting, scurrying children came the young man. When he saw the slender figure by the tepee-door he quickened his steps, throwing his blanket over his head as he had done in the days of his wooing. The girl laughed and the low, happy sound reached the missionary under the black-jack tree. With a few rapid strides the man was at the girl's side, holding open his arms, and as he gathered her to him the blanket's dark folds fell over them both, shutting them in to the only privacy that an Indian camp can know. Then stooping, they entered the tepee together.

Late in the afternoon when Mrs. Roe was going about the camp, seeking her friends, shaking hands and talking in the sign-language, she saw an old woman sitting in the shade of her wagon with a little child in her lap. The woman kept her face studiously turned away but Mrs. Roe thought she recognized the set of the shoulders and she crossed over to the woman's camp. As she had expected she was greeted by the sullen face of Mrs. Little Chief, an Arapahoe medicine-woman and inveterate gambler. There was little welcome in the dark face but the missionary sat down, determined to win a smile before she left. The little child left his grandmother's lap and toddled across to this

sweet-faced lady, which made the old woman laugh and so the talk began.

At first the missionary spoke of the days when the Indians all ran away from them and how when they reached a camp they found the people "all wiped out." The old woman nodded yes, she remembered it. She told how the Indian runners had come on ahead and brought the word that the "Jesus-man" was on the way, until Mrs. Little Chief unbent to relate, with quick, picturesque gesture, how the Indian women bundled the babies into the wagons and how the men lashed the ponies to make them keep ahead of this "Jesus-man." Then Mrs. Roe told of when they were caught once in a dreadful storm and had taken refuge in Little Chief's tepee. Did Mrs. Little Chief remember that? Yes, she remembered that too, and her white teeth showed in her slow smile.

"Mrs. Little Chief," asked the missionary's wife, "one time a long time ago, Little Chief, your husband, said he wanted to walk in the Jesus road and you were coming with him, but after a little while he told us to wait for just one year. Just one year you and he would walk in the old road and then you would come. Before the year was gone, Little Chief—he died"—and as the missionary's hands made the impressive sign as if he had gone down into the shadows and out through a low door, the hard face opposite grew darker—"and you, you threw the Road away."

"Yes," signed the old woman, "I threw it away."

"Then your son, Good Traveller,—he wanted to walk in the Road. He came and told Dr. Roe he wanted to walk in the Road. But you, you held him back." A gleam of triumph crossed the old face but the missionary went on relentlessly, "In just a little while he died. He wanted to come but you held him back, and in just a little while he died.

"Always now you turn away from me. My heart is good to you and I am glad to see you but you shut your eyes that you may not see me. Yet I look at you and I know that your heart is on the ground. Why is it? Tell me why is it?"

For a long time they sat in the growing dusk until Mrs. Roe began to fear that the old woman would not answer, but just as she was thinking of going, Mrs. Little Chief raised her head.

"Sometimes at night," she said, "the wind blows and blows. It is dark. I cannot sleep. I lie awake and listen to the wind. My sins are just the same as a great burden on my back."

"But you know that God—He can take that burden from your shoulders?"

"Yes," came the slow signs, "I know it."

"Then why don't you give Him that burden? Why do you hold it on your back?"

Slowly Mrs. Little Chief reached for a corner of her blanket that was knotted together and unfastening it with fumbling fingers, she held the contents out to Mrs. Roe. The missionary had to look closely in the fading light before she recognized

the painted peach-stones of a favorite gambling game.

"You mean you cannot throw away your gambling, so you will not throw away your bad heart that aches when the wind blows at night?"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Little Chief, I want to tell you a story. There was once a little boy who found a jar, like that one there," and she pointed to a pottery water jar leaning against the wagon-wheel, "only much smaller, and inside it he saw a penny. He reached in to get the penny but the hole was very small, so he had to push hard to reach it. At last he got his fingers on it and then he closed his hand"—the missionary closed her fist tightly. "Then when he tried to pull his hand out he couldn't do it. The little boy was very, very much afraid. So he went to his father and asked him to help him. Then his father said, 'My son, let go of the penny, and your hand will come out.' But you, my friend, you hold to the gambling and you will not take a new, good heart. Your gambling, does it make you happy? Is your heart light and singing all the day? Or is your heart on the ground? Tell me."

"My heart is on the ground."

"Is it just that one thing? Is it just the gambling?"

Mrs. Roe leaned forward to catch the old woman's answer. The moon had risen and its light bathed her eager face, but the old woman

with the child asleep in her lap was in the shadow of the tepee. It was some time before she answered.

"Tell me one thing," she said; "is there only one road to heaven?"

"Only one."

"There are many of my friends who did not find that road. Tell me, where are they?"

"I do not know where they are, Mrs. Little Chief, but I know that God is good, and I believe He will do nothing that is not right."

Mrs. Little Chief flung up her head.

"You white people use a great many words, but I am an old woman. All my friends are dead, and in a little while I too shall die"—again that impressive gesture of going down into the shadow and out. "The Indian road lies straight to the Land of the Setting Sun. My friends walked that road and I am hungry to be with my friends. I told you that my heart is on the ground. It is true. But in a little while I, too, shall die."

* * * * *

Early the next morning the workers were awakened by the long-drawn musical tones of the camp-criers. Dr. Roe got up and stepped outside. The two men were standing on the summit of the hill almost a mile away, their figures dark against the brightening sky, while clear and distinct the voices rang over the sleeping tepees. The first camp-meeting had begun.

In the middle of the morning the sonorous call

rang out again and little by little the hum of Indian life died down, laughter and singing ceased, the shouts of the children were hushed until the words of the criers floated clear over the silence. Then out of the white, hot camp they began to come, by twos and threes, across the strip of dazzling sunshine to the cool shade of the great arbor with its fresh green boughs. Wagon-sheets and strips of canvas covered the ground and at the middle of one long side the folding "baby-organ" had been placed with a few chairs for the missionaries and interpreters.

Gradually the picturesque audience gathered. Old men, many of them blind, led by gaily dressed children whose ridiculously short hair had been braided so tightly that it stood stubbornly out on either side instead of hanging decorously down, giving a strangely comic look to otherwise solemn little faces; young women often pretty with bright eager eyes, often sad and worn with the heavy baby nodding sleepily over the shoulder; and men, proud, aloof, with painted cheeks and the snowy eagle's feather above their heads; these filled the space inside the arbor, crouching on the ground. Outside in the sunshine near enough to listen, but too proud to come in, stood a few old-time Indians, hostile even now, tall, straight figures, wrapped from head to foot in their blankets.

There was first much singing, for this music-loving people will listen spellbound for hours even

to the songs that they cannot understand, and then Wautan rose to pray, his sweet, strong face upturned, his fine wrinkled hands, trembling with eagerness, held high above his head, and the low musical voice pleading in soft Arapahoe. The missionaries caught the one word "Naesunah" repeated again and again, "My Father—my Father." Then Mr. Wright, standing between his interpreters, began his talk, giving it out sentence by sentence for the interpreters to put it simultaneously in Cheyenne and Arapahoe, sometimes stopping to explain more fully some expression, new to his puzzled mouthpiece. If a baby woke and cried, its shrivelled old grandmother would shoulder it and picking her way out of the "medicine shade" would walk up and down outside where the baby's subsiding wail and the old woman's crooning song would be an accompaniment all unheeded by either the speaker or his audience that sat leaning forward silent and listening. After this talk a song was sung, all standing together, and Mr. Wright asked any Christian, whose heart was sad or whose feet were walking far from the Jesus road, but who wanted to get back in the way, to come and give him his hand, and if there was any one who had been thinking in his heart and who wanted to walk in the Jesus road, let him come too, while the missionaries were singing. After a long hesitation two or three came, often with tears on the hard faces. So the meeting closed.

The afternoon gathering was more like an Indian

council, where the Indians themselves talked and prayed or sang as they willed. And the evening was a repetition of the morning, save that the lanterns swung on the arbor poles made strange fantastic shadows that added an unreality to the strange scene.

Four busy days they were, filled with light and shadow, but when, on Sunday evening, fourteen were baptized, the missionaries felt that the camp-meeting was no longer an experiment but an accredited branch of their work.

VI

THE BEGINNING OF THE HARVEST

ONE afternoon Dr. and Mrs. Roe, returning from a short trip, paused astonished on the hill above the mission. A line of yellow flags stretched across beyond the church and disappeared in the timber towards the school.

"Smallpox," ejaculated Dr. Roe, as he urged the horses down into the valley.

At the gate in the fence they found Miss Jensen waiting for them with the news that smallpox had broken out in the school. She said that Mr. Seger thought they would have no difficulty in holding it there, but if they should fail, the whole mission compound and the camp would be put under strictest quarantine.

"He says he has plenty of help," she went on with her pretty Danish accent, "and unless it breaks out in camp there is nothing we can do within the lines. These Indians have got to be kept here, however," indicating the tepees about the mission buildings, "until they can be certain that they cannot spread the disease. Dr. Roe, I am very glad you have come back to help me with them, for they are terribly frightened. You will talk to them for me, won't you?"

"Yes," answered the missionary. "Call the men

together. I will see them as soon as I put up this team."

About an hour later a group of sullen, angry Indians had gathered in the men's room at the Lodge. The missionary took his place between his interpreters and asked quietly :

"Now then, men, what is it?"

"Iron Eyes is our friend," answered the spokesman; "he will help us. Ma-orkenay (Mr. Seger) has told us that the children are sick with the great sickness. He says there are only three or four sick but he will not let us see our children. How can we know that he talks straight? We know that when two or three in a camp have the great sickness, pretty soon the rest are sick too. We know that, yet Ma-orkenay will not let us come and take our children away. He will not let us go away from this camp. Our women and children may die, for the great sickness is in this valley. Yet we must stay. Does Ma-orkenay think that we are fools? We will take our children and go, and Iron Eyes, who is our friend, will help us."

"My friends are walking the wrong trail," said the missionary quietly. "Do you remember last winter when the children had the measles, how some of you were afraid and came to the school and took your sick children away? Do you remember that the children in the school were soon well again, but that your sick children, that you and your medicine-men took away, did not do as well. Do you remember that?" A sullen mur-

mur ran about the circle but the missionary put up his hand for silence. "It is a bad trail you are following and Ma-orkenay has the good road. Listen until I make it straight before you.

"Three or four of the children are sick. You are right when you say if one in a camp has the great sickness, the others who are with him will soon have it too. That is true. But Ma-orkenay has not left the sick children with the well. He has taken them out and put them in a house which is built to keep sickness from coming out to well people. There are white women in that house who are caring for your children as Fast Walker cares for them. These white women and their medicine are very strong. They saved your children who had the measles. They can save them now. If any of the well children should get sick, Ma-orkenay will put them in that house where they can get well again. That is why he keeps them so he can watch them and help them. It is just the same with you. He keeps you here so he can watch you and help you if you get sick.

"You say you will take your children and go away. You talk like old women. If you take them out to Deer Creek or the Washita, and one of them has this sickness, what will you do? You have no house to put them in. Your medicine-men know nothing about this sickness. In a little while you will all have it and many of you will die. It is a bad trail to follow. I tell you straight. I would not be your friend if I helped you walk in

it. The good road is for you to go back now and tell the women what I have said. Tell them to have strong hearts ; in a little while your children will be well again and you can go. If the medicine-men try to turn you from this road, tell them you listened to their words last winter and they brought death to your children and sorrow to your hearts. Now you are listening to your friend, Ma-orkenay, and walking in his good road."

The men signified their relief and satisfaction with nods and low gutturals as the interpreter repeated the last words. Then they rose and went out to carry the news to the anxiously waiting camp. Dr. Roe returned to the parsonage to consult with the other workers.

"I ought to go out to the Washita and Deer Creek to reassure the Indians," he said. "When the news of this epidemic reaches them, they will be badly frightened. That is where we are needed most just now, without a doubt. Miss Jensen could telegraph if there should be any need here."

This plan was agreed on. Mrs. Roe and her sister hauled out and looked over the tents, repaired the cots and rolled up the bedding for the trip.

The next morning early found them on the road. It was late afternoon when they came into the Indian camp. Each one knew his task and set about it as soon as the wagons came to a halt, so that the call for supper came just as the last horse had been provided with his box of corn and oats, and all gathered under the canvas fly where the

four uneven sewing tables were covered with tin dishes and a smoking supper. By the time the meal was over and the dishes washed, a task in which all had a share, the swift dark of the Southwest had fallen, bringing the cold with it. Lanterns were hung on the tent-poles and a big fire was built out in front and here the group gathered for a talk.

Beyond the ruddy circle of the firelight glowed the encircling tepees, brilliant golden cones with black stripes marking the poles and strange grotesque shadows painted on the walls by the flickering fires and the people within. Little by little the Indians began to join the group of workers, some quietly slipping in, others with ceremonious greetings and sign-talk claimed a place. Long pipes were brought out and the blue rings of tobacco mingled with the wood-smoke above their heads and floated off.

With swift gestures these scarred veterans of war and the chase told of the old days, described the ingenious methods of trapping game, the long rides after the buffalo, crawling silent through the grass in the last stalking of the herd, the charging bulls, the wary hunter with his bow, and at last the shot that felled the giant of the herd. They talked of long days on the war-path when they had to crawl for miles with sage-brush fastened on their heads to elude the watchful enemy, of the rush in the dark and then the return and the dancing and singing of the women. It was far into the night before the missionaries separated.

For a week they travelled up and down, visiting the Cheyenne camps, and everywhere they noticed with pride the work of the Mohonk Lodge. Since no article was received which had the slightest spot or stain, the tepees of the bead-workers were scrupulously clean and neat. Children were called in from play to show their bright little faces and clear eyes, comparatively free from the dreadful trachoma that is the scourge of the Indian camp, so that the missionaries might tell the "little White Mother" at the Lodge that her friends were "pushing" along this "soap and water road," and that the children were thriving thereon.

* * * * *

In January of 1902 the Government at last took the step which all the truest and best informed friends of the Indians had been urging for years, the discontinuing of the ration system. This ill-advised help which had sapped the self-reliance of the ambitious being withdrawn, and the miserable subsistence which had satisfied the backward and slothful denied them, the Indians were at last forced to work. But no man, however willing, can wring a living from the soil in a day, and in many cases ground had to be broken before the seed could be planted. Months would pass before any return could be looked for—months during which the family must live somehow—and then it was that the Mohonk Lodge came into its larger work.

Runners soon carried the news that "the Indian house," as they were coming with pride to call it,

would accept old-time articles as curios and that men who could make or copy these things would "catch" many dollars at the Lodge. Many a family facing starvation on an allotment that they had chosen because of the wild beauty of its wind-blown rocks, or because of memories that clung to its bird-haunted barrens, saw their first gleam of hope. Then old men set feverishly to work polishing and carving their old stone pipes, grinding arrow-heads for slow, patient hours on the smooth stone that they could not bear to part with but never thought to use again, and balancing and feathering the shafts. Boys scoured the prairie hunting the wild turkey, whose feathers were used in the war-bonnets and coup-sticks, and whose whisks were dyed and braided into the graceful head-ornaments of former days. Then with leaping hearts and happy faces the whole family would climb into the wagon, each with his precious bundle, to drive to Colony, for the first money they had ever earned. Even the girls just out from school caught the fever. They no longer looked down on their mothers' bead-work, but tried with eager hands to learn the secret of the beautiful art, somewhat unskillfully at first, but with more and more success as days went by.

Those were busy weeks for the Mohonk Lodge. The missionaries soon saw that the growing industrial department was getting beyond the ability of a matron to carry without injustice to her other duties. The salary of a business manager was

secured and the position was offered to Mr. Reese Kincaide, a former resident of Colony, as a man who knew the ideals for which the Mohonk Lodge had been founded, and who also possessed the advantage of being known and trusted by the Indian women.

During this year, also, Dr. Roe's health, never strong, had given way entirely, and the Board arranged to send the missionary and his wife to Europe, with a leave of a year, and Mrs. Page, who was now Field Secretary, went down to assist in the summer's work. Before he left, however, Dr. Roe insisted on dragging himself down to the church to baptize Carl High Walker, the shy young deaf and dumb boy, whom he had won and loved and taught and worked over for years. It was a strangely impressive service between the eager lad and the teacher he might never see again. Question and answer in the liturgy took on a new meaning in the paraphrasing of the sign-language.

"Do you know God just the same as your Father? Do you know God's Son—Jesus—just the same as your Brother? God's Son wipes away your sin? You give your heart to Jesus? You tell God and you tell me you cut off working bad? You tell God and you tell me you follow right after God? You tell me every little while you pray to God? You tell me every little while you go into God's house? You tell me and you tell God you push, push, and follow after God's Son strong?"

Carl raised his hands in the swift answer: "Yes, I follow strong."

After Dr. and Mrs. Roe had gone, Mr. Wright, or occasionally some worker from a neighboring white field, would come to take charge of the Sunday services, but aside from these visits the workers at Colony pressed forward on their difficult task much alone. The summer was spent in long camping trips, rendered doubly difficult this year because of the heavy rains, but with all their hardships, none were so valuable to the Field Secretary. The perilous crossings of well-nigh unfordable streams, and later the wind and dust, the devastating heat and the long rides without water, taught her, as nothing else could, what must have been the experiences of those earlier years. Little time was spent at Colony, and for weeks the buildings there seemed strangely deserted, for the issue-camp with its busy life was now a thing of the past.

* * * * *

Every winter, early in December, the Christmas work began piling up at Colony.

Almost every trip of the mail wagon down from the new town of Weatherford, fourteen miles away, brought boxes and barrels from churches in the north.

Mrs. Roe and Miss Jensen cleared away the furniture from the big men's room, and here with a roaring fire in the fireplace to set the "northerners" at defiance, they opened, unpacked, sorted and

arranged. One box might be from some girl's society, and when the mass of tissue-paper was lifted out the missionaries would see rows on rows of little dolls, all dressed in "come off and on" clothes, each with a tiny note from its maker pinned on the dainty skirt. Some of these Miss Jensen would lift out with shining eyes and place in her cupboard to give to sick children to gladden the long hard days of illness in camp.

Mrs. Roe would pounce with joy on the piles of warm mittens and little under-flannels that some motherly soul had sent, and both would bend with the interest of surgeons over the toys broken in transit, which a little well-placed glue would transform into seven days' wonders to the youngsters of camp and school. A box of gaudy tree-ornaments was welcomed as a treasure of surpassing worth. When the workers found that some Ladies' Aid had been inspired to include two generous boxes of good old-fashioned hard candy of gay but harmless colors they just had to laugh with delight.

It was a long job arranging all these treasures into shares in which the most envious eye could see no discrimination, but at last it was done, the window-shades were pulled down and the door closed on the room full of knobby queer bundles.

A few days before Christmas the agent had his men out searching the canyons and timber-lands for a suitable tree and at last a sturdy wide-branching cedar had been found and brought in to be set up in the school assembly-room. The platform was

high and the ceiling low so that the top had to be taken off the tree, which gave it an odd truncated appearance, but when hung with the bright balls and pop-corn strings and piled with gifts, it was a very creditable representative of the Christmas-tree family.

Mr. and Mrs. Kincaide, Miss Jensen, Dr. and Mrs. Roe were given seats at the side of the room to watch the children march in led by little Armstrong Spotted Horn who was so tiny that no boy's garments could be found for him and he appeared in stiffly starched little skirts which his close-clipped black head and manly stride oddly belied. When the children were in place the older Indians were admitted and filled the seats or stood quietly at the back of the room with pride and joy on the dark faces.

There were a number of Christmas songs to which the parents listened with beaming faces, patting out the time with soft moccasined feet, and the recitation of the Christmas story as told by Luke in the slow singing enunciation of the Indian child and then the presenting of the gifts from the "Giving-tree" began. One little mite, a doll clasped tightly in her arms and a bag of candy in one chubby hand, pointed imperiously to a brilliant crimson ball hanging temptingly near, and a storm was only averted by a hasty explanation that those were only to "make pretty" and that they came and went with the "Jesus-tree" but were never given away. At last the giving was "all cut off"

and the long line of youngsters trooped past, each with his treasure tightly clutched with one hand, extending the other with a shy "Merry Christmas" to the mission-workers who stood to watch them come.

Christmas Day itself being Jesus' birthday was always celebrated by a service in the little church when the Indians brought their gifts to Him. It was long before the missionaries could forget old Cheyenne Chief, the blind Arapahoe, who came protesting in eloquent signs that half his heart was crying and half was laughing.

"My heart is glad," he said, "because now to-day, for the first time, I have something to give to Jesus. But half of my heart is crying because I did not hear of this 'giving-Sunday' until I had spent half of the money I had." And he came forward to lay a fifty-cent piece on the plate, one of the two he had received for crying the camp at the camp-meeting in August. When the money which kept coming from Indians too far away to reach the church was counted, it was found that these people, out of their poverty, had given one hundred dollars.

The next week the tree was set up in the church, its pointed top lashed on again, and covered with the newly acquired brilliant ornaments all carefully hung good side forward and making a brave showing. Underneath were piles of quilts and blankets, the regular gift for the Christian women; toys, games, and dolls, well displayed for the joy of the camp little ones, and boxes of things for the men.

Then the audience was admitted, pushing, laughing, and hurrying for a place.

Occasionally during the short service it seemed as if every one of the numerous babies began a wailing protest at once, and Miss Jensen and Mrs. Roe each hastily seized a candy bag and, while Dr. Roe suspended operations, the two women hurried along the aisle to pacify the most vociferous. When the giving was over the audience filed out, stopping at the door to shake hands with the missionaries and to receive the bag of nuts and candy that was waiting for them. Big fat Mrs. Creeping Bear led the way, holding under one stout arm the wriggling form of little Peter clad in a complete set of scarlet flannels, which she considered much too fine for the retired use planned by the manufacturer.

The next morning the sick and the aged gathered at the Lodge and the old men up-stairs and the old women down-stairs were fitted out with the cast-off clothing, often ludicrous in its misfit, for which they returned surprised but tremulous "Ahoes." Sometimes a young woman, ignorant of the custom, would come in to claim a share, only to be told in spite of her voluble protest that the Jesus road was to give freely to the old, the withered, and the helpless, but that if she wanted anything she could go into the next room and get work from Mr. Kincaide and earn the money to supply her needs. If the shrill comments continued, some broad-shouldered Christian woman who had led her old mother up to the Lodge would rise and administer a rebuke

that would cause the malcontent to retire abashed. When the last old Indian had uttered his solemn and formal thanks, dignified in spite of the eclipsing effect of a coat and trousers many sizes too large for him, the Christmas festivities were over.

* * * * *

On their way back from Europe, Dr. and Mrs. Roe stopped in Chicago to visit Dr. Hall, an eminent oculist. The missionary was led to talk of the terrible prevalence of eye-trouble and blindness among his Indians.

"Oh, how I wish a man like you could take them in hand," he sighed.

To which the doctor answered, laughing:

"Perhaps I shall some day, when business is slack. I am sure I should like to."

After the missionaries were back on the field Dr. Roe wrote to the oculist to know if he would be willing to make good his laughing offer. All the missionary had to give for the week's work was one hundred dollars, scarcely enough to pay railroad fares, but there was much for the oculist to do if he would come. Although the request came at a time when to leave the city involved a great sacrifice, he consented.

"It is fine to watch the doctor at work," wrote Mrs. Roe. "You must get an idea of it out of his wife for he is so modest, but he is just perfect in the way he takes hold of the work and people. Yesterday he operated on old Iron Shirt for cataract, and removed pterigium from both eyes of Creeping

Bear. This morning he treated a steady procession of Indians and could not see them all, and this afternoon it will be so again. . . . Runners have gone to all the distant camps to bring in the blind, and one does not have to look far to find them.

"I wish you could have heard old blind Cheyenne Chief address him this morning. He said: 'Medicine Chief, I have been praying, praying, for just a little light, not full sight, but just a little, so I can find my way to church. I want to see the faces of all these people who have given me the Jesus road. I have prayed and Jesus has sent you to us, and I ask you to take pity on me, and give me just a little light. I have been blind for many colds, and I am old, so all I ask is only a little light.'

"He was dressed in a new suit and was clean all over to honor the Chief, and with every breath he ejaculated: 'Ah-ho! Ah-ho!' (Thank you! Thank you!) It broke the doctor all up, and I don't wonder.

"It was one of the most interesting sights I ever saw here to see these old wrecks of humanity, men and women, half or wholly blind, coming out of the tepees and trusting themselves to the doctor as if they had always known him. It is very unusual, as any one knows who has ever dealt with the Indian people. For many a long month, it may be for years, our hands will be strengthened and our words better understood when we try to make them believe there is such a thing as a new nature which God can give to those who ask it. They are so

used to being cheated and robbed that when a white man comes from far off, who never saw them nor their troubles, just to 'take pity on them,' as their phrase has it, and to try to help them, they can account for it in no other way than that he has 'the new heart.' "

It was during this winter of 1903 and 1904 that Dr. Roe was made superintendent of all the Oklahoma work both white and Indian, and a heavy load of responsibility settled on his shoulders which he soon found he was not able to carry without help. Consequently the Board sent an assistant pastor to take some of the Colony work and to relieve him.

The newcomer, Arthur P. Brokaw, was a young man just graduated from theological seminary, who would take a year or two of training with the older worker before being sent to take charge of the new mission among the Comanches. With his eager young enthusiasm, his beautiful face and his winning way he soon made himself a place among the Colony workers. He gathered the Indian boys of school and camp into a "Boys' Club," striving to offset the charms of the growing Mescal Worship that was seizing hold of the young men. He visited the camps, sometimes just sitting and chatting in the sign-talk, sometimes making them all laugh at his efforts to pronounce their long, hard, Indian names. With practice he was developing an unusual facility in using the interpreted talk, a vehicle of expression to which some men, even after years, never become accustomed.

That winter was a very severe one. Snow fell and lay long on the north side of the little church. The suffering in the frail tepees on the flat before the parsonage was extreme. More than one old woman sick and alone had good cause to remember the young worker who carried her water, laid in a stock of wood and built up the comfortable fire. All this the Indians watched and slowly were making ready to take him into the inner circle of their lives, when, suddenly, he was stricken with a complicated form of typhoid and, after a few weeks of suffering, died.

The news of his illness had spread like wild-fire. In the Christian Councils, meeting during the hot weather out under the shades in camp, his name was often heard in Two Crows' tremulous prayers. Now the Indians took up the word of his death and carried it far and wide, calling on those who loved him to do him the last honor in their power. The crowd that gathered for the service was more than the little church could hold. The Indians had broken through their immemorial reserve, and were openly weeping. One after another rose to tell of some kindness he had done, and all ended with the broken words, "He was my friend, I loved him."

The shock of the young man's death gave the final propelling force to the weight of the years of faithful work that had gone before. The slow tribes were moving at last. All through the fall the turning tide swept on. Before spring between

twenty and thirty of the prominent men had taken their stand in the Road. At the camp-meeting of 1906 twenty-two more were baptized, and the missionaries then saw that the first stage in the task of getting their message to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes was past. The day of enunciation was over, the era of explanation had come. There was not a family that had not heard them many times. All knew the message. All had a more or less complete grasp of its fundamentals. The question was now: Would they accept it or reject it? For those who accepted, the missionaries must be ready to act as patient guides, tiding them over the dangerous period of reaction which must inevitably follow on the high enthusiasm of their first stepping out on the new road, never losing courage, explaining the same things over and over, till that slowest of all growths, a new code of morals, might take root deep in the life. This was a very different task from the initial planting of the seed, and one whose history cannot be written, made up as it is of the imperceptible things.

The pioneer days were over, and instead there was a future of less vivid fascination perhaps but more permanent results. With full equipment and perfected organization the workers set their faces towards its weightier responsibilities.



"The Pioneer Days Were One at Colony."

VII

PRISONERS OF WAR

SOME time about the year 1880 the Chihuahua band of the Apache tribe, stirred by real and fancied wrongs, took up their arms and went on the war-path. The phrase "Cruel as an Apache" was even then a common one, for many atrocities perpetrated with fiendish ingenuity had already made the tribal name a synonym of terror. But in the medicine-man, Geronimo, whom some one has called "that superlative savage," this band of Apaches found a leader of extraordinary ability. Matching a bloodthirsty brutality with a cunning and a knowledge of strategy that has never been excelled in the long annals of Indian warfare, he held the United States army with their Mexican and Indian allies at bay for years. They were years of brilliant generalship, of dauntless courage and incredible endurance on the part of both the leader and his band. "No man who went through that campaign," as Dr. Roe says, "can sneer at the Apache as a soldier."

Old soldiers can tell of continuous marching over the mountains and through the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico. They can tell how the undersized Apache women with their babies on their backs outdistanced the horses of the United

States cavalry, not once nor in an occasional burst of speed, but day after day and week after week. They can tell that when the end came and the worn-out remnant of the band surrendered in 1886, it was only because, exhausted as they were by famine, thirst, and incessant marching, they could drag themselves no further.

On the termination of the war, it was decided to transport the band to the East since the hatred and fear with which the surrounding whites regarded them was such that it would be almost impossible to protect them from violence in the West. There they would be held as prisoners of war to prevent any further outbreak. When the prisoners were herded on the train, however, there were among their number some who had taken no part whatever in the raid, having been consistently neutral, and also a few men who had enlisted with the United States troops and had served as scouts throughout the whole campaign, the reward of their loyalty being to share the captivity of Geronimo's followers. The band was first taken, a part to Fort Picken and the rest to Fort Marion in Florida, but after a year they were removed to the Mount Vernon Barracks in Alabama. And in these hot lowlands the mountain Indians lived and sickened and died till after seven years public opinion, aroused to what was little less than wholesale murder, caused those who remained to be taken to the Fort Sill military reservation in Oklahoma in 1894.

The Indians were told that now their wanderings were over and that here they were to remain in undisturbed possession of permanent homes. The Government proceeded at once to the carrying out of these promises. The plan was to abandon the Fort Sill military post as soon as the Apaches were sufficiently well settled to warrant such a move and to divide the reservation among the three hundred and eight prisoners of war. The first calculation showed, however, that there was not enough land in the military reserve to give to each Indian the usual allotment of one hundred and sixty acres. Accordingly a council was called of the Kiowas, Comanches and Kiowa-Apaches, within whose reservation Fort Sill lay, and its members heartily assented to the following agreement:

"We, the undersigned, chiefs and head men of the Kiowa, Comanche, and Kiowa-Apache tribes, assembled in open council with our agent and with Capt. H. L. Scott, Seventh Cavalry, in charge of Apache prisoners of war, do willingly agree, having had due notice and consideration, to the additions by executive order, of the following described portions of our reservation (approximately 28,000 acres) to the military reservation of Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for the permanent settlement thereon of the Apache prisoners of war."

Thus were arrangements made complete. And here Mr. Wright, when he first reached the field, had found Geronimo's band under the direction of Captain Scott, who had settled them in family

groups and set them at work breaking out land, building houses and making fences. Encouraged by the repeated promises of government officials, and even of the President himself, and reënforced by such material evidence of good faith, the homeless men pressed eagerly forward to gain the home and liberty for themselves and their children which they had every reason to believe lay but a little way before them.

* * * * *

Mr. Wright had come, he had held the council¹ with the head men of the band. The school had been agreed upon, and the first worker had been found in the person of Miss Maud Adkisson, who was to be trained nurse, teacher, and never-failing friend to those Indians. Let the story of her coming stand in her own words.

"About two o'clock of a hot day in August, 1899, I left the train at Rush Springs, Oklahoma, and climbed the hill to the one hotel in the little village. I was assigned to a small dirty room with one window. The first discovery I made was the broken lock on my door. This and the excessive heat caused me to spend a sleepless night. Next morning at seven o'clock I entered the stage with two or three other travellers to make the twenty-eight mile journey to Fort Sill. Having, since my arrival, looked only with trepidation into the future, I now had my first taste of the joy of Western life. The air was like a tonic (a little damp because of a

¹ See above pp. 73 and 74.

light fog that was hovering over the scrub oaks and nestling in the dimples of the distant hills) and delightfully exhilarating. To add to our excitement, a few miles out we almost ran into a herd of antelope that scurried away, and in a few moments disappeared like spectres in the morning mist. Again the day grew hot. Not a house did we see on that long journey with the exception of the little cabin called the 'half-way house,' as its name implied, half-way between Rush Springs and Fort Sill. At this place we changed stages, arriving at Fort Sill about one o'clock.

"A military post, two hundred and sixty Indians noted for their warfare, not a relative or friend within a thousand miles—I wondered if I should become lonely. But from the time my feet rested on the soil of the reservation, I loved the place, my work, and the Indians.

"At the trader's store I was met by Rev. Frank Hall Wright and taken to the home of Nahwatz, a Comanche Indian. During the hot summer days the family . . . lived under a leaf-covered arbor. Here we found them, and without having knowledge of each other's language except as our words were interpreted, we greeted one another with the greatest cordiality. Dorothy, Nahwatz' niece, speaking English in a sweet, precise way, asked me to accompany her to the house. Imagine my dismay upon entering my room to find the mattress presenting a bare face to the world, and that the room was used for a storehouse. Dorothy

got busy to make me comfortable, for had she not spent six or seven years at the government school, and did she not know how white people live? First, she searched through her trunk and found one sheet and a long piece of bleached muslin. She put the two pieces on the bed, on top of these a heavy comfortable. To reassure me, she informed me that she herself would occupy room and bed with me. So, tired from my long journey, I retired early and slept. I felt no fear with my Indian friends as I had the previous night in the hotel with rough white people. Somewhere in the wee, small hours Dorothy crept into bed, wearing all her garments of the day and smelling strongly of the cigarettes she had smoked. Cuddled under her arm slept her pet dog, and disporting themselves on the dog were many, many fleas. The fleas did not confine themselves to the dog.

"The family urged upon the new missionary their hospitality. At first I did my best to eat with them, but how could I drink strong black coffee when I had never used coffee in my life, or eat of the jerked beef stew when at intervals the grimy hand of each member of the family dipped in a chunk of bread, or, in fact, how could I eat anything when I discovered that a much soiled little baby, Samuel by name, was bathed in the selfsame dish-pan that was used for kneading the dough?"

A week later Mr. Wright brought Dr. and Mrs. Roe to see his new worker. As they drove along

from the post to Nahwatz' place he explained the situation.

"I have put her in with Nahwatz and his family as a starter," he said.

"Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Roe in horror. "Not without her own food and tent?"

"Yes. I thought it was just as well for her to have her bad dose at the beginning. If she is the stuff that is going to quit, we shall know it soon enough. And if she is the stuff that can see and love them in spite of the dirt, we shall know that, too."

Dr. Roe would never forget his first sight of the new worker as she stood among the dusky little group, her hand resting on Dorothy's shoulder. A tall, slender girl with a face of delicate beauty and a crown of curling golden hair. Nor would Miss Adkisson ever forget the leap with which her heart went out to the frail missionary with the vital, compelling eyes and the smile of steady good cheer.

* * * * *

As soon as possible a small frame building was put up, one end partitioned off into two small rooms for Miss Adkisson and her assistant teacher, and the rest used for the school. Fifty-five or sixty children came that first year; small girls with long, full-skirted dresses, just escaping the ground, and a dozen or more strings of heavy beads about the neck, and little shock-headed boys in long, baggy trousers and heavy shoes. Thin, dirty little creatures they were, many of them diseased, and

all of them half-starved. Often they would walk long distances to school, carrying a handful of parched corn for their whole midday meal. At noon, when this morsel was devoured, they would come and watch the missionaries at their dinner, and occasionally a very little one would cry from sheer hunger.

This was more than the teachers could stand, and they devised a plan by which, drawing one-third of the children's rations from the Government and adding to that from the generosity of the Eastern churches, they could supply the hungry little Apaches with one square meal a day. Thus the progress of learning was greatly increased.

With the older people it was more difficult to start. Miss Adkisson drove in her light hack from hilltop village to hilltop village, stopping at the queer two-room houses with the barn-like opening leading clear through the centre, and visiting with the families living in the rooms thus divided, urging all to come to the services in the little school-house; but to no avail.

Then one day she called to a meeting the Indian scouts, some of whom were men of influence, and two, Geronimo and Naiche, as Medicine Chief and War Chief in the old days, had been leaders of the old-time raids. They gathered in the school-room, silent men, all in the khaki uniform of the government scout. They inserted their stalwart forms with some difficulty into the children's low seats, but maintained a certain dignity neverthe-

less. Through her interpreter, Asa Daklugie, Miss Adkisson explained the new religion, trying to give its main principles and emphasizing for these representatives of law and order its great civilizing influences. The men were interested and all but three said they would like to hear more of this new way, and would try to influence others to come to the meetings, as well as being in attendance themselves. Thus the small beginning was made.

One night came a messenger with the news of Dorothy's sudden death and a few days later came Nahwatz leading Dorothy's little sister, Toci, a tiny curly-haired big-eyed slip of a child clinging to her uncle's hand.

"Dorothy is dead," said the old man with his quick expressive gestures. "Now, to-day, we have no one to read to us from God's book. There is no one to tell us the words of the missionary. We walk just the same as in the dark. Here," and he drew the little five-year-old forward, "is Toci, Dorothy's sister. We give her to you. Teach her the white man's talk. Teach her to read God's book that she may lead us, just the same as Dorothy."

"But, my friend," urged the missionary, "look about you. You see we three women are sitting down in just two rooms—just two. There is no place for Toci."

Nahwatz pointed to a corner.

"Lay down her shawl," he pleaded. "It is all the room she needs. Take her and give her the road."

Miss Adkisson could not refuse. She stooped and held out her hands to the little girl who after a swift upward glance at her uncle laid her tiny slim hands in the missionary's clasp and allowed herself to be drawn close. Then with one arm about the worker's neck still without a word she turned about and gave the old man a radiant smile. Nahwatz mounted his pony and rode away satisfied.

Thus it was that the Fort Sill Mission came by its first Comanche interpreter.

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Through all the long years of fighting against Geronimo, the Apache Noche had been loyal to the Government and had done faithful service as a United States scout. Yet when the band was finally captured and rounded up to be taken to their prison, Noche and his family were gathered in with the rest to share a rebel's punishment. The injustice of it was not lost on the Indian, but during years of unmerited suffering the sense of injury grew which each day's experience but ground deeper into his soul. Every detail of his existence was under the surveillance and forcible restraint of the very Government which he had risked his life unnumbered times to serve.

Was it this very fact which made the idea of a God of Infinite and Absolute Justice especially appealing? Perhaps so, for Noche was the first of the leading Apache men to take up the "new road." He made his decision and Miss Adkisson decided that he should be baptized when Dr. Roe

came down from Colony to conduct the Easter service.

Then suddenly without any warning on Saturday night before Easter his only child, a baby, died. The other Indians were quick to taunt him with what they considered a result of his change of faith.

"Noche has told us how strong his God is," they said. "His God was strong enough to save the life of this baby, yet his God let it die. It is just the same as if his God killed his baby. And to-morrow," they jeered, "to-morrow he will stand up and promise to follow the God who has killed his baby. He is a great man, this Noche; he has always done things we could not do. Years ago he was different. He trusted the lying white men, and now he trusts this God."

In stony silence Noche sat by the side of the little dead form while they dug the grave and talked. It was as if he had not heard. His heart was frozen with grief. He could not realize it yet. He could not think. He could only sit by his baby in silence. Later, when they were gone, his heart would begin to stir again and then he would remember the bitter words.

It was raining heavily Easter morning but by eleven the storm had passed and a number of Indians had already gathered in the schoolroom when the door was flung violently open and Noche strode in, his strong face set and strange and his eyes blazing. Men and women fell back before

him and he pushed on unhindered to where the missionary and the interpreter were waiting until time to begin the service. Then with his hands clasping and unclasping he poured a torrent of passionate Apache.

"See what your God has done to me," he cried. "I gave my heart to Him. I promised to follow Him and I would have served Him all my life. He took my heart. You told me that. He took my heart. And now my little child is dead. He has killed my little child, your God of Justice. I was a foolish old woman to listen to you white people. The justice of your God is like the justice of your Government. I fought for your Government, and I am a prisoner. I served your God and my baby is dead. But Noche is not a woman. I know your road. I shall not serve you again. I shall not serve your God. I have spoken."

The missionary listened to the interpreted words with grave eyes fastened in silent sympathy on the distorted face of the warrior. When Asa had finished, Dr. Roe took it up.

"Noche, when you were going on the war-path in the old days and you made ready your bows and your arrows you were very careful. You went up into the mountains to get your bow. You made sure that you could see no knot or crack or warp in the piece of wood that you cut. Then you took it home and you cut it to suit you and then you tested it. You bent it and you twisted it with all your strength, that you might be sure there was no

hidden weakness that would make it break in your hand. If it had been a little thing that you were making any piece of wood might do ; but you had to be very certain before you trusted your life to your bow."

The look of sullen hate had been slowly fading from the Indian's face and now he sat forward with hands twisted together and eyes fixed on the white man in what seemed like an agony of suspense.

Dr. Roe continued.

"God is like a strong man who goes out to war and His Christians are the weapons with which He fights and on whom His victory or defeat depends. His Christians are not little things to Him and He must be very sure before He trusts one of them.

"So it is, Noche, that there are two kinds of trouble in this world. One kind you know. It is that which we bring on ourselves. If we lead bad lives, our bodies get sick. If we drink then we are poor and hungry. If we sin our hearts are heavy and we cannot rest. Those are the troubles we bring on ourselves just the same as a man breaks the law and goes to prison. But, Noche, there are other troubles that we do not bring upon ourselves and these are God's testings. He bends you and twists you to see if there is any hidden weak spot in your heart. If a man is strong, then God is very careful and bends and twists him every way just as a warrior is more careful with his war-bow than he is with the bow he uses on the hunt. If

you should break when He needed you most it might mean defeat for this whole Apache band. He is very careful with His war-bows."

The Indian rose and silently the two fighters shook hands.

"I shall not break in His Hand," said Noche simply. "He can trust me."

The room was now full and Sunday-school was already beginning. A small group of Comanches sat at one side mostly made up of Nahwatz and his family, but the main audience were the short, thick-set Apaches. After the teaching of the lesson, Dr. Roe, who had stepped outside for a moment, came back to give the Easter talk. He held a glowing crimson callirrhoe in his hand that he had picked outside the door. Asa, the Apache, took his place on the left, little Toci was lifted to a desk and stood within the circle of the missionary's arm, and the sermon began. On one of the front seats sat Noche, leaning forward, his chin resting on his palm, his eyes fixed now on the preacher, now on the delicate crimson flower in his hand.

With the callirrhoe as his text Dr. Roe taught the lesson of death and life everlasting. As he talked, into the anguished eyes of the Apache father before him came the dawning of peace.

* * * * *

Nahwatz had been watching Toci carefully, and he saw that the little girl had not only been learning to talk the white man's talk and to read, but she had been gaining steadily in weight and strength.

He had a constant measure of the child's advance in the person of her younger sister, and when he brought Rachel to the mission and compared the sturdy figure and fat little legs of Miss Adkisson's charge with the frail form of the little camp sister about whose slight little waist one of his bandana handkerchiefs, arranged as a blanket, fell in ample folds, he came to a natural and obvious conclusion. Rachel must live at the mission, too.

Then one of the Apaches brought in word of little Grace Sundayman, a mere baby, who was being abused and all but killed by a drinking grandmother. The workers, now three in number, had moved into a small four-room cottage built for them beside the schoolhouse and, giving up one of these rooms, they fitted a wooden frame with shelves to hold the necessary clothing, set up three cots and took the children in, each worker making one little girl her especial charge. The success of the experiment was so obvious that in a few months the officer in charge at Fort Sill called their attention to a small Apache boy named Vincent who was being dreadfully neglected, and asked the workers to take him also. The ladies felt they could not refuse although it made living conditions in the little cottage very crowded and uncomfortable.

Four children were not all the needy ones in the tribe, however, and pressure for admission for others was continually brought to bear by military authorities and Indians alike, until the Board decided to build an orphanage which could give room for

twenty children and a larger workers' house to accommodate the necessarily increased force. The four-room cottage was later turned into a nursery to give a place for six more of the littlest children, and thus the work grew.

In all advance, however, the missionaries had one powerful implacable foe to meet. Geronimo, the old Medicine Chief, whose sidelong glance of hate had won him the name of being possessed of the powerful "evil eye," and whose grip on his band had been unbroken and undisputed for years, found his influence slipping through his fingers. The young men were enlisting as scouts, were drawn more and more often to the mission, and owned other influence than that of the old medicine-man. The children had other teachers and no longer either feared or looked up to him. At last even Naiche, the war chief and his old-time running-mate, became a Christian, and the old man stood alone. With all the passionate intensity of a ruthless ambitious nature he hated the missionaries, and their Jesus road that had robbed him of his power. He was too good a general not to realize that there was nothing he could do, however, and he retreated in sullen acquiescence to his lonely village, contenting himself by showing his hostility now and again in some underhanded scheme.

Then at the third camp-meeting it was noticed that Geronimo's wife was on the ground, and had set up a tent. And on Sunday noon, the last day of the meeting, the old medicine-man himself sud-



“The Success of the Experiment Was Obvious.”

denly appeared in camp. Mr. Wright sought him out, talked long and earnestly with him, and obtained his promise to come to the evening service.

True to his word he came early and selected for himself a position in the front rank where he sat, a prominent figure, his small crooked hands folded in his lap and his narrow cruel eyes peering, watchful, from the wrinkled old face. Some of the workers wondered with a shudder what his next move would be. He sat motionless until near the end of the service, when he suddenly leaped to his feet and poured out an impassioned address to his people. To the amazement of the missionaries when the sharp explosive utterances were interpreted to them, he was saying that the "Jesus road" was best, and he wanted all his people to walk in it, concluding with the words: "Now we begin to think that the Christian white people love us."

Later he asked Professor Bergen of Michigan, who had been helping with the services, to pray for him.

"Tell your people," he said, "that I love them. Tell them the heart of Chief Geronimo is good towards them."

There was in all his talk a vein of self-importance that the experienced workers were quick to feel and to suspect. They gave him what welcome and encouragement they could, but they refused to accept or examine him for membership until they could be sure this strange move was sincere, and not a blind for some deep-laid scheme.

Nearly a year passed. For weeks at a time Geronimo would show what was for him a strange humility and teachableness, then, as unaccountably, he would greet the missionaries with his former cold arrogance. They would just feel certain that he had finally laid aside his old ways, when he would suddenly go off on a terrible spree, and be shut up in the fort for days. So it went until the camp-meeting of July, 1903.

The white canvas of the new "gospel-tent" was spread under the great shadowy trees of the oak grove on the bend of Medicine Creek and an unusually large camp sprang up about it, but Geronimo was not there, for the workers learned he had been thrown from his wife's pony and was too sick to come. The first meeting was over and Mr. Wright and Professor Bergen, who was again on the field, were sitting under one of the tents, trying to rest in the scorching afternoon heat, when the slow approach of a horse's trampling feet caused them both to look up to see Geronimo on his famous sorrel racing-pony, which was walking slowly and carrying an evident sufferer. He held out his hand as the men came to greet him, and then, pointing to his chest, he made the sign "sick." The two missionaries helped him to the ground and brought him into the tent.

He had started in plenty of time for the meeting, he explained, but he found he could not endure a trot and had been obliged to walk his horse the whole way. He was sorry he had been late.

Big stalwart Naiche, who was passing, saw the old man, and coming into the tent sat silently down beside him. As if it were a signal, the old Medicine Chief turned and talked rapidly to the interpreter.

"He says," said Benedict, "that he is in the dark. He knows he is not on the right road and he wants to find Jesus."

Naiche's strong, fine face blazed with joy and he listened, nodding and smiling while the missionaries explained and made straight the road before Geronimo's feet. But it was not until the very last meeting that he could find courage to humble himself before his tribe. Then, with all the pride gone from his hard old face, and the small crooked hands working, he pleaded with the missionaries.

"I am old," he said, "and broken by this fall I have had. I am without friends, for my people have turned from me. I am full of sins, and I walk alone in the dark. I see that you missionaries have got a way to get sin out of the heart, and I want to take that better road and hold it till I die." Then in low, trembling tones came strange words from Geronimo, the fearless general of Indian warfare, the proud leader of the Chiricahua Apaches. "I want help. I am afraid to die without God. When the end comes, I want to go to Him."

He lifted those delicate, twisted hands, which had been reddened with the blood of women and children, and stained with the guilt of countless

ferocities, above his head and his voice sank lower still. The interpreter bowed his head and the missionaries knew that Geronimo was praying.

The task of examining the old man was given to Dr. Roe, and carefully, painstakingly, the missionary went over the grounds of Christian belief. Geronimo's answers were clear and unmistakable, showing that under the mask of arrogant indifference he had long been learning and the truth was deep in his heart.

"Friends," said Dr. Roe, when he had finished, turning to his fellow workers, "no consistory in our church could refuse to admit a man to membership after such a confession."

A week later Geronimo was baptized with six others. After the ceremony his people crowded about him; Naiche gathered him in a straining embrace and women and children clung to his hands till the man's hard, cruel face softened and grew almost bright with joy. He lived for seven years to walk his new road—seven years during which the missionaries almost came to question the wisdom of their ever taking him in.

The new road was especially hard for the old medicine-man. He knew when he wanted money that he had only to ride in to the post and gamble, for he was so clever that neither white man nor Indian could beat him. He was cursed, too, by the notoriety of his early days, and there was always some unscrupulous curiosity-seeker who would offer him whiskey in the hope of hearing him talk. He

was an old man to strive to break with lifelong habit, and it is small wonder that his progress was that of a man who continually falls yet continually rises and struggles on. He died at last from the exposure due to a drunken spree, when he lay out on the prairie all night in the winter rain. Yet he tried, he honestly tried, and who are we to judge him—we who often make failures of roads far less hard to travel than that which stretched before the Apache medicine-man, when he took his stand in the autumn of 1903?

This one incident would have been enough to make this camp-meeting in the grove memorable, but for another tribe as well it marked an epoch. Six years of patient seed-sowing on the part of the workers, and the silent example of unswerving faithfulness set by Nahwatz and his family had told at last, and the Comanches, too, were moving. They came in crowds to that camp-meeting, outnumbering the Apaches two to one. They brought with them their interpreter, Howard White Wolf, and came faithfully to every meeting, sitting, attentive and picturesque listeners, making a sharp contrast with their vivid Indian dress, their painted faces and their brilliant shawls and blankets, to the khaki uniforms and civilized garb of the Apaches.

Sunday evening a number of their leading men, headed by Nahwatz, came to Mr. Wright.

"We have come to this meeting," they said, "and we have heard of your talk to these Apaches. Now we think it would be good if you and these

workers here would come to the Comanche's land and give this road to us. Our hearts are hungry to hear about this 'new way' and we think it would be good if you came and talked to us as you talk to these Apaches."

Mr. Wright, who had been waiting six long years for such words as these, gladly promised to meet with them, and turned with a singing heart to preparation for the first substantial step towards a Comanche Mission.

VIII

BEGINNINGS AMONG THE COMANCHES

A YEAR or so before the camp-meeting in the grove, Mr. Wright had been driving across the Comanche country on his way to Fort Sill with Mrs. Page, when she suddenly pointed to a band of Indians riding towards them. At the head came a tall man in full Indian dress. The long fringes of leggings and moccasin were sweeping his horse's flanks, and he carried a Mescal rattle in his right hand. The man was broad-shouldered, magnificent. His large head was held high, almost thrown back, and the heavy-lidded eyes and curling nostrils gave the face an expression that matched an Egyptian Pharaoh's in its inscrutable pride.

"Who is that man?"

Mr. Wright flicked his horses impatiently.

"That one man," he answered, "has done more than any other to hold back these Comanches. The fact that we have never been able to do a thing since Dorothy's death, the fact that all Nahwatz' faithfulness and the loyalty of Chataneyerque have counted for nothing as an influence in the tribe, is due to him. Who is he? He is a drunkard, a gambler and a libertine. He is a Sun Worshipper

but he also dabbles in Mescal. That is where he is going now to judge by his get up. One of their Mescal feasts. He is Periconic, the son of Tabananaca, who was perhaps the greatest chief the Comanches have ever seen. His father was a great man and as far as we know a good one and a just ruler. The son has inherited his pride, but not his strength, nor his personal magnetism. Quanah Parker now holds Tabananaca's place, but Periconic is nevertheless a man to be reckoned with."

A few days later Mr. Wright came out of his tent to find this proud son of the old chieftain silently awaiting him, his scarlet blanket held about him with one hand. He extended the other in dignified greeting.

"Ahites!" he said gravely.

Mr. Wright, astonished at such an overture of friendliness, asked the man in the sign-language what he could do for him.

Periconic motioned him to be seated and sitting opposite lapsed into the long silence that with an Indian is a sure prelude to the discussion of a matter of importance, then he began in slow, graceful signs.

"For a long time," he said, "I have been watching two men, Nahwatz and Chataneyerque." He paused for the missionary's sign that he understood the two names, then he continued. "For a great many years these two men have stood alone. No Indian went into their tepees and sat down with them. No Indian talked with them. If an Indian met

them on the road, he did not see them, but"—and Periconic's arm described a wide gesture—"he went far around that he might not see them. For a long time they were alone. But I look at them and their hearts are not on the ground. I look at them and their faces are like the sun.

"I have walked many years in the Indian road, but I am not strong like Nahwatz and Chataney-erque. I have prayed to the sun. I have prayed to Mescal, but my heart is on the ground. I think in my heart that the road of Nahwatz and Chataney-erque is a good road and a stronger road than mine. Now to-day I come to you and ask you to give me that road."

Sitting in the grass Mr. Wright began to teach the man what he could understand. It was the beginning of many such talks, for often Mr. Wright rode out to the Indian's place to see him. Periconic received him with courtesy and heard him with interest, but beyond that he made no sign.

Then one day in May he came riding in to the mission to find the missionary.

"For a long time you have been talking to me," he said. "At first your words came to my ears, but I would not let them in. Then after a while they came in and came down and lay in my heart. Then I heard about Jesus. You came many times and told me that He died and took my sins away. Many times you told me that and your words lay in my heart. I have been turning them over and over in my heart and now to-day I tell you one

thing. Just one thing I can do. I can give myself to This Man who died and took my sins away. Now to-day I give myself. I want to walk in this new road with Nahwatz and Chataneyerque."

From that day forward Periconic held to "the new road" as he understood it, with faithful perseverance. The missionaries soon found he was a very different man from Nahwatz. Dorothy's foster-father was eager and cordial always. When he saw the mission hack winding up the trail to his house, he would come down to the gate and hold it open, his small eager face and large eyes beaming in welcome. But Periconic, on a like occasion, would immediately retreat to his arbor and seat himself on the platform at one end, to receive his guests in state. But his grave "Ahites, neah-hites" (how are you, my friend) and the joy smouldering in the deep-set eyes, bespoke as warm a welcome if the missionary would believe it.

Once during that first summer he rode in to the mission to ask if he might eat a little mescal when he was sick. He received the negative answer quietly and rode away again. It was the only sign the missionary had of the struggle it must have been to overcome the craving for the drug.

Although he was in many ways the old-time Indian, Periconic was quick to take a suggestion which appealed to his sense of justice. One Sunday morning Miss Adkisson, standing at the schoolhouse door to watch the Indians gather for service, saw

Periconic stalking along followed by his pretty little lame wife with the heavy baby in its papoose cradle on her back, panting a little in her effort to keep up with the strides of the big man. The contrast, a common enough one in Indian camps, was in this case so striking that the missionary could not keep back a remark.

"My friend," she said, "it is not the white man's road for a man to walk with empty hands while his wife carries a heavy burden. You are strong and big, and your wife is little and weak, yet she carries that heavy baby. It may be the Indian road, but it is not the Jesus road."

The Comanche listened with some astonishment to Toci's interpretation of these words, but when the child had finished, he smiled at the teacher, and taking his little son's cradle from his wife's back, he carried it in his arms into the church. Always on Sundays after that it was considered one of the sights of the Comanche camp to see Periconic, the son of the great Tabananaca, carrying his baby to church. A tide of shrill comment, and cackling derision from the old women followed the big man on his way, to which he usually paid not the slightest heed; but occasionally with the keen wit that was the never-ceasing delight of those who knew him, he would make some answer that caused shouts of laughter.

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It was late in August of 1903 that the first separate camp-meeting for the Comanches was held,

and owing to the pressure of work at the other missions, Mr. Wright and Mrs. Page were the only workers who could be present. When they reached the oak grove in the late afternoon, the great camp was already pitched and the Indians swarmed out to greet them and to help Mr. Wright struggle with the bulky canvas of the new big preaching tent.

Mrs. Page watched the scene with interested eyes. Here, as among the Apaches, the pointed tepee was a rare sight, and most of the camps were made up of the white man's square tents. Here and there a fire was already lighted, and an old woman crouched beside it. Some young girls had made a swing of some tough vines and here they were romping and laughing, slender, lithe figures in the graceful fringed Comanche shawl that took the place of the more clumsy blanket. Many of their faces and particularly their large dark eyes had an expression of peculiar beauty and she decided that the cause must be that Comanche women do not follow the fashion of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes in pulling out their eyebrows.

A group of men swept by riding superbly on their pinto ponies, straight, tall figures with open, pleasant faces, long hair wound with brilliant flannel, and bright neckerchiefs about their necks, many with a white sheet in place of a blanket wound around the waist. The knives in their belts proclaimed that they were off to kill the beef, and soon they were back with a wagon-load of meat for the issue, and the women formed a bright fantas-



Comanche Men.

tically colored circle as they waited, each for her family portion. Everywhere was the soft swinging music of their rhythmical language, the most musical of Indian tongues.

The contrast between these and the northern Indians was even more striking when the lanterns had been hung here and there in the big preaching tent and the call to evening service had gone ringing through the camp. They came in by twos and threes, men, women and children, and before taking their places all came forward to shake Mr. Wright's hand with the "Ahites" of welcome.

At last the audience was seated, the men on the left, the women and children on the right, and Mr. Wright stepped forward to speak, his big interpreter, Howard White Wolf, standing in quiet dignity beside him. At the close, Nahwatz rose to pray, and, standing in their midst with high raised hands and upturned face down which the tears were running unheeded, he poured out his soul for his people; and one by one they gathered to him crouching muffled in their blankets at the feet of this man who had been so long alone and despised.

When the meeting was over and the Field Secretary was going to her tent, Mr. Wright called to her and turning she saw he was following her with an Indian who had a baby in his arms.

"This is Yellow Back," explained Mr. Wright, "and his little grandchild here is teething and is evidently suffering. Do you know of anything to do for it?"

Mrs. Page looked up into the Indian's face, but the man's eyes were fastened on the baby and he turned without a word and led the way to his tent. Here with the young mother who proved to be a Christian girl who understood English, the worker examined her tiny patient, and directed the mother in making a simple remedy that might ease its pain.

In the midst of the morning service the next day, Yellow Back came striding into the tent with the baby wrapped in its little blanket in his arms. Howard explained the torrent of Comanche that he poured out.

"He tells me to explain how it is he comes here," said the interpreter slowly. "He wants us all to pray for that little baby he has brought. He says it is the only child they have in their camp, and he wants us to ask God to make it well."

Yellow Back stood all this while, his dark face drawn with anguish, holding the sick child out towards the workers. At a sign from Mr. Wright he sank to his knees, gathering the little bundle close with an indescribably pathetic gesture, trying to soothe its moaning while the missionary prayed. After the service Dr. Baker, and his wife, a trained nurse from the Apache Mission, went with the workers to the old man's camp, but to their dismay the old man was unwilling to have the doctor touch the child. The missionaries were obliged to leave them to their own way.

In the middle of the afternoon came a group of

men with Howard White Wolf at their head to hold a council with Mrs. Page.

"We hear," they said, "that you are one of those 'woman-chiefs' that sit down in the north and plan this work here. We want you to tell your people that we think these meetings are good. They are like our old life that our fathers have told us about. And when we come to them our hearts are open, and we hear what we do not hear at other times. We think it is good that your people should give us many of these meetings. We want you to tell them that our hearts are good when we live in these camps like our fathers lived in. We think these meetings are very good."

When they were assured their message would be delivered, they went away content.

Early the next morning a number of the women came and sat down in the grass before the worker's tent while she explained to them the work of the Mohonk Lodge, and its industry of bead-work, with all it had meant to the Cheyenne and Arapahoe women, and urged them to push, push and see what they could do. Then together they went over to the morning meeting.

The tent was almost empty, but near the front they already saw the crouching figure of Yellow Back, the tiny blanketed figure of his little grandchild lying before him on the ground. The old man was staring unseeing out through the trees.

In the afternoon came Periconic with a question to ask of Mr. Wright.

"Just one thing I have been holding in my heart," he said. "I think and I think of this one thing. My father, Tabananaca, where is he? He lived many years, but he never heard of Jesus or of God. He died never having heard. Where is he? Tell me. Where is he?"

"Periconic," answered the missionary, looking into the eager, questioning eyes, "we never judge the dead. You say your father never knew of God, that he never prayed to Him. Yet how do you know that when he was dying, just before he went out into the dark, he did not feel afraid in his weakness and reach up and cry out to something above him—something that he did not know was God—something that was stronger than he? You could not hear that cry. You could not see it. It was the cry of a soul, not the cry of the lips. But God would hear it and would stoop down and put His hand under him as he was going out. We never judge the dead because we know so little. But this one thing we know. That God is far, far more just than man. And, Periconic, He knew that Tabananaca had never heard of Him."

The Indian, his face alight with relief, arose and with the beautiful gesture language thanked his friend.

The sunrise prayer-meeting was to be the close of the first great Comanche camp-meeting. As the workers crossed the open space to the preaching tent they suddenly heard, breaking the hush of early dawn, that terrible sound of heart-broken

despair, the Indian death-wail, rising and falling in its hopeless lament.

"It's the baby, Yellow Back's little baby!" was the dismayed cry. "What will he do? Oh, what will he do?"

Mr. Wright, speaking out of a hard experience with the Indian method of accepting grief, answered: "Oh, he will turn against us now, without a doubt, and half the tribe with him."

When the meeting was over, there, outside the tent, stood Yellow Back, his face distorted with grief. The Indians gathered about him as he began to speak slowly.

"My people tell me that the reason my baby died was because I have taken this 'new road.' But I am not going to throw away Jesus."

Then Mia-co-be said in Comanche, which Howard interpreted, that he thought it was not right that this child, for whom they had all been praying, should be buried in the Indian way. He thought it would be good for all the Christian friends to give something so that the child could be "buried right" in the Jesus road. He took off his hat and started around to gather up the money. Some of the women hurried back to their tents to get their money, eager to show their sympathy in this way. Mia-co-be gathered it up, as much as his two hands would hold, and gave it to Yellow Back.

The old man's face was wet with tears, but he controlled his trembling lips and smiled as he

thanked them. Then he turned abruptly and hurried away. It was arranged that the baby's burial would be that afternoon, and then all went silently to the task of breaking camp.

Howard White Wolf came later in the morning to find Mrs. Page, saying that Periconic was very anxious to see her, and together they made their way to his camp. He motioned the pair to be seated, and at once began to talk.

"My father," he began, "was a great chief. I am the son of Tabananaca. All the Indians know me, how I was very bad. But now I love God, and I love to pray to Him. I do not know much, but still I can love God.

"Now, my friend, I want to send a message to your people. I want you to write down what I say and read it to them when you go North." So he gave his message, and when it had been written and translated to him again, he signed it with his mark.

"God made all my brothers and sisters just the same. To-day I am saying that. I love all my sisters and my brothers the same, the women that got the same language as me and all the children that God gave them, all the red people that God made the same as me, all the white women that belong to the church, I love them all; your children, I love them because God gave them to you. I gave my heart to Jesus and Our Father God because He made me down here on earth, and I want all the Christians to help me because I am an In-

dian. Alone I do not know anything about God's way.

"Tell them we want a church here on the Indians' land so that we and our children can go in and learn about what the Bible tells them. I cannot learn to talk like the white man, I cannot learn to write, but I want it for the children."

(Signed) PERICONIC.

(X) His Mark.

Early in the afternoon Mr. Wright and Mrs. Page drove up to the desolate Comanche burying-ground on the hill. A number of the Indians had already gathered and while they were waiting for Yellow Back, Nahwatz led Mrs. Page to Dorothy's grave, begging her to write the girl's name on its mossy bricks. It was some time before they saw Yellow Back's wagon coming up to the cemetery gate. The old man got out and taking the baby wrapped in its beautiful little red shawl, he insisted on carrying it for this last time all the way around the graveyard before he went in the gate. The tall figure started on this last walk holding the little one close, stroking its soft hair and touching the tiny dead face with gentle fingers, crooning soft Comanche as he walked. Then he brought it back and laid it tenderly in the little coffin. One of the white men standing by was crying like a child and as the Indian stood up again he saw it. He looked at the man in silence a moment and then walking up to him and putting his arm about

the shaking shoulders with a few low words, he gently wiped the man's eyes with the end of his long neckerchief. Then he motioned to Mr. Wright to go on.

"Yellow Back," said the missionary as soon as he could command his voice, "this little one was like a flower. It was so sweet and we all loved it. It was good for us to watch it, and now although God took it away, our lives are better for having it to love a little while. And this we know. It is not gone. We shall find it again, and then you will hold it once more in your arms."

When the tiny grave was covered and the service over, Mr. Wright went up to the old man who had stood silent and motionless through it all, and put his arm about him. Yellow Back started and turning, solemnly kissed the missionary on the cheek. Then he gathered up his blanket and turned away.

IX

GLIMPSES

IN the spring of 1905, as soon as the roads became passable after the winter rains, the work began on the new Comanche church, near the town of Lawton. Periconic and Nahwatz, leaving their distant claims, came and camped by the enlarging hole and watched operations with a proprietary interest. After the foundations were laid they summoned the other Christian Indians, and declaring that it was not a good road for white men to do all the work on "the Indians' church" they organized bands of hauling teams and attended to all the handling of the lumber. The little building being completed, they went back to their places to await the coming of the fall which was to bring their young missionary, Mr. Brokaw or Tatami (Little Brother) as they called him. But in September came the news of the young worker's death, which the Comanches received with deep sorrow and a pitiful dismay.

In October the Field Secretary visited the Comanche Mission and Nahwatz, hearing of her coming, drove in to see her.

"Eckovitch Ta Nami," he said, calling her by the name the tribe had given her, "we are very

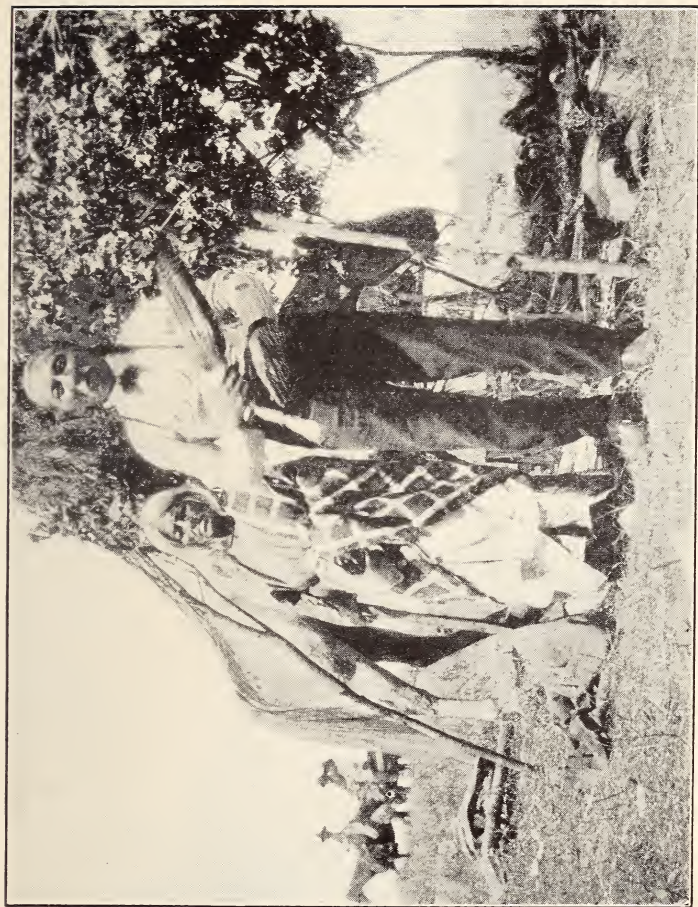
much alone now and our hearts are afraid as we look ahead. You were with Tatami when he died, and you know how all the Comanches loved him. We think it would be good if you held a meeting and told us all about our friend and give us the road that he would want us to walk."

"You call the Indians together and I will talk with them," was the answer.

The day before this meeting was to be held Mrs. Page was passing by the agency where a crowd of Comanches were waiting for the quarterly issue of their annuity-money, when a woman, followed by one of the little girls from the school, stopped her. Stammering and twisting with embarrassment the child explained that this was Lucy, that she was a Christian, and that she had known Tatami and remembered him well, and she wanted to come to the meeting to hear about the road he wanted his friends to walk. But her husband, Chartasay, who was not a Christian, had refused to bring her in to the mission. Perhaps if Eckovitch would speak with him, he might change his mind.

Eckovitch followed the two to a wagon where a small pleasant faced man was harnessing up his team.

"Chartasay," said she, as soon as the formal hand-shaking was over, "Lucy tells me she wants to come to the mission to-morrow, and I have come to ask you to bring her and to tell you that I shall be looking for you both and I shall be very much



Nahuatz.

disappointed if you are not there. Will you promise to come?" The man hesitated, so the speaker continued, "Lucy cannot walk in this new road that she has taken alone. It is a hard road and she often needs help from the other Christians and from the white people at the mission. She tells me you are not walking this road with her, but you ought not to make it any harder for her. She has promised to walk in the Jesus road, but she cannot do it, unless you will take her to the mission when she wants to go."

"It is a very bad thing not to keep a promise," said the Indian slowly.

"Then you will help her. You will not make it harder for her to travel a hard road. You will come to the mission to-morrow?"

"I will come."

In the spring of 1906 Mr. Legters, who had been taking Mr. Brokaw's place at Colony, came down to take up his work among the Comanches. For a few months while his parsonage was being built, the new missionary lived at the Apache Mission and travelled back and forth to the services in the new church. When Mr. Legters moved into his new house he brought as his wife the Miss Adkisson who had been for some years in charge of the Apache Mission.

One day news reached the mission that Nahwatz was sick, that he had been sick for several days, and Mr. Legters, not even waiting to find an interpreter, harnessed up the team and drove out to the old

man's place. He found the Indian lying on a high rack under a shade beside the house, where the sweet open air could blow over him. He sat up delighted to see the missionary.

"Yes," he gestured, smiling in answer to the anxious questions, "for three days I have been a heap sick, but now it is cut off and I am coming up again."

The missionary said he was glad to hear that his friend was better, and in response to the eager gesture sat down to talk.

"There is one thing," began Nahwatz, "that my heart is hungry to tell you. One night while I was sick I was lying awake. I could not sleep so I lay looking, looking into the dark. And suddenly I saw the devil standing before me. And the devil he said to me, 'Ur-ruh,'¹ and he said to me: 'You—you are just the same as a prisoner, and you are walking in a hard road. Your road is a narrow road and a bad road. And you—you are walking alone. Maybe so one, two, three Indians are walking in your road, but you are just the same as prisoners. You want to gamble—no, you can't do it. You want to drink the crazy-water—no, you can't do it. You want to dance. No—you can't do it. You want to eat mescal. No—you can't do it. You are just the same as a slave. But my road is a good road, a wide road, and an easy road. If you want to gamble in my road—all right, I let you.

¹ A discourteous greeting about corresponding to "Hello, you there!"

If you want to dance—all right, I let you. If you want to drink the crazy-water or eat mescal—I let you. And many people are walking along my road and their hearts are light. But you—you are just the same as a prisoner.’

“The devil, he told me that, and I did not know what to say. I sat with my hand over my face, and my heart was on the ground.

“Then Jesus, He came and stood where the devil had been standing, and He said to me: ‘Ahites, neah-hites,’¹ and Jesus, He said to me: ‘My friend, the devil told you straight. My road is a hard road and a narrow road, and it is up-hill all the way. You cannot do what you want in my road, and very few people, maybe one, two, three, are walking in it. And the devil’s road is a good road and a wide road and an easy road and a great many people are walking in it. The devil—he told you straight. But my friend, come with me.’ And Jesus He took me out and He showed me two roads. First He took me along the devil’s road. It was wide and smooth, and just a heap of Indians were walking along that road. They were dancing and gambling and drinking the ‘crazy-water,’ and their hearts were light. But as we walked along the road, by and by it grew narrow and rough, and it began to go down-hill. And by and by the mountains came close and pressed on the road, and at last it came to an end and a great way below I saw fire. And the people saw the fire and they

¹ How are you, my friend ?

were afraid and they tried to turn and go back, but the devil caught them, he pushed them along—they could not stop, they could not turn or go back.

“Then Jesus He said to me: ‘Come, my friend.’ And He took me back to His road. And it was narrow and rough and hard. It went up-hill all the way and only a few were walking in it. But we walked along the road and by and by it grew smooth and wider, and at last it led up to a great light like the sun. And God was there.”

* * * * *

Just before the camp-meeting in 1907 Mrs. Page was again on the field. In the two years that had passed she had grown very fond of the Comanche woman Lucy, and had come to feel that Chartasay was her friend. Her first errand was to go down into the camp that was already gathering and hunt up her friends. She had some difficulty in finding Chartasay’s tepee, as there were many to greet and talk with, but at last she saw the little man and his wife hovering anxious in the distance.

She found the camp as neat and clean as any one could wish, and evidently swept and garnished in her honor. The old mother was busy with preparation for supper and Eckovitch sat down under the canvas fly before the tent door between her two friends, and, through the help of the little interpreter Lucy had secured, was soon in the midst of a talk over the doings of the past winter. When the old woman had set out the meal and the

others had more or less ceremoniously taken their seats, Chartasay spoke.

"Eckovitch," he said, "I know that God He gives us everything, and I cannot eat before we talk to God. I think it is good if you women talk to Him now."

So first the white woman prayed, and then Lucy, and last of all was heard the trembling voice of the old mother.

Chartasay said, "Good," and reaching for the lard put a liberal helping on his piece of bread, and then handed the pail to Eckovitch. With all the will in the world the missionary could not force herself to follow his example, and she passed it on to Lucy. The old woman had meanwhile filled the cups at the fragrant coffee-pail, and the missionary turned gratefully to the one that was set before her. As she took up the condensed milk and started to pour it in her coffee, a look of horror on her hostess's face caught her eye. Hastily setting the can down she asked for information.

"In the white man's road," she explained with quick signs, "this was put in the coffee. Was that the Indian way?"

A gasp went round the little circle.

"Oh, no," cried Chartasay. "That was sugar, and it was kept till last and then one put a little of it on bread, and ate it slowly, for it was a heap good."

When the meal was ended and the food cleared away, the moon had risen and quiet was descending

on the camp. The two women, when they had finished the last duties, went into the open tent and rolling up in their blankets went promptly and audibly to sleep. Then Chartasay arose and leading the way to a corner of the shade where the moonlight lay in a brilliant pool, sat down to have the real talk of the evening.

"Eckovitch," he asked, "how many colds (winters) have come and gone since Jesus died?"

"A great many."

"Was He alive when I was a little boy?"

"No, Chartasay, He died a long long while before your father's father was born."

The worker tried to figure out the number of years in the sign-language, and the wide eyes of the Indian showed that he was realizing a length of time such as he had never dreamed of before. At last he spoke:

"How do we know that what you tell us is straight? How do we know that the Book is true? No man can remember."

"No, Chartasay, no man can remember, but Jesus when He was here took friends, and He told them what He wants us to know. Then they told their friends and they told others, till many many years ago it came to my fathers and now I tell you."

"Yes, that was good."

"Chartasay, what do you think of this Jesus road?"

"I think it is good."

"Are you going to take it?"

"Yes, in a little while."

"Not now?"

"No, not yet."

"Chartasay, you make me think of a story. There was a man who had a bright stone. And he thought it was a heap good. He used to ride on those fast wagons (trains) and he would stand on the end of the fast wagon where the sun was bright and toss up his stone and catch it. One day his friend said, 'Put that in your pocket; you will lose it,' and the man answered, 'In a little while.' And then he tossed it up but he did not catch it, and it fell and he lost it. My friend, you are just the same as that man, and some day your heart will slip through your fingers and be lost."

The Indian did not answer for some moments, then as his friend rose to go, he looked up.

"Eckovitch, your words are in my heart. I shall hold them and think of them."

During the winter she received a dictated letter from Lucy saying that Chartasay had decided to take his stand before his people at the big Indian gathering to be held in the fall. When the camp-meeting began in September, service followed service and still Chartasay, who was present on the grounds, did not attend. On the afternoon of the last day, word came that he wanted to see Eckovitch.

She found him alone in his shade, for the audience was already gathering for the evening meeting. He went at once to the matter in hand.

"I told you I would take this new road," he said, "but when I think, my heart is afraid. It is a hard road and I cannot read the Book. I do not know very much, and by and by I shall fall. Then God will be angry and throw me away. I know I cannot walk this road strong all the time and so I am afraid."

His friend considered a moment, then —

"Chartasay, I need an interpreter. The hand talk is not good for what I would say."

The Indian arose where he was, and looked about him. Then he called, and a young man gambling with a group about a near-by fire got up and came sullenly over. The moment's respite gave Eckovitch time to gather her thoughts to try to make clear that idea for which no Indian language has a word, "forgiveness."

"There is a verse," she began, "in the Book that seems as if it were written for you, my friend. It says: 'Though I fall I shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord will hold me.' And now, Chartasay, I want to tell you what that means. You have seen a father walking across the camp with his little boy. The little boy is just learning to walk, and he is very proud. He will not let his father help him, for he wants to walk alone. But by and by he falls and he hurts himself badly. Then he is willing to let his father help him and now the two go on together. The little boy stumbles just as he did before, but now his father has his hand and although the child loses his foot-

ing sometimes, he does not fall down to the ground. As often as the child stumbles the father sets him up and helps him on. He never gets angry, he never grows impatient, because he loves the little boy, and he wants him to learn to walk. So by and by the child gets stronger and he stumbles less till after a while he can walk strong."

There was no need to point the moral; the Indian understood and, gathering up his blanket, set out for the preaching-tent.

One hot afternoon the Field Secretary was walking through the camp after her hours of weary work, when she heard her name called:

"Eckovitch, Eckovitch Ta Nami."

Old Dessa-chah-toway was sitting under her arbor and beckoning. The tired worker drew near.

"Eckovitch, I see that you are a heap tired," the old woman announced in the sign-language. "All day you have been walking, walking, and looking, looking for your Indian friends. The sun is a heap strong and now you—you are tired. See my dress—it is very clean and good," and she smoothed her fat knees. "I think it would be good now if you lay down here right alongside of me, and put your head in my lap and went to sleep. Then when you have slept a little while you will come up and you can go back to your tent."

The cool shade looked very inviting and the worker sat down, and then to Dessa-chah-toway's delight, stretched out and rested her head on the old woman's ample lap. The Comanche summoned

her husband Naa'-sick-way from the tent to find her the end of a fresh green branch, and taking it as a fan she ordered the old man to sit outside and keep it quiet that her friend might sleep. The shuffle of the old man's steps died away and the only sound was the gentle rustling of the waving branch, and soon even that faded and died as the visitor sank into a doze.

It was over an hour later when she started up conscience-stricken that she had kept the old woman so long at her self-imposed task, but Dessa-chah-toway shook her head in smiling denial of any fatigue.

"My heart is light," she said, "when I can do something for our sister."

It was about this time that Mr. Wright decided he must have an interview with the chief of the Comanche nation, Quannah Parker, the influence of whose attitude, baffling and non-committal though that was, often hampered him. Not wishing to go alone, he asked Periconic and Nahwatz to accompany him. One morning he set out for the long drive to the chief's home, planning to pick up a few more Indians on the way. Not far from Lawton he came to the place of a Comanche who could speak English and Mr. Wright reined in his horses. In answer to his shout, the Indian came down to the fence.

"I am on my way down to Parker's. Can you come with me?"

A strange look crossed the Indian's face. He hesitated some moments before he spoke.

"Did Quanah Parker send for you to come?"

"No, but ——"

"Then I won't go. You must get some one else." Without another word the Indian turned about and walked away. The next man the missionary approached was too busy. He must round up his cattle. A third hesitated and finally refused in a way that roused the missionary's curiosity, and he asked the reason why so many were unwilling to join his party. The Indian did not answer at once, but at last he said :

"Just a little while ago White Tail went down to see Quanah and he found him sitting with his hands clasped behind his head. He is very bad when he sits that way. I will not go near him when he is bad like that."

Periconic and Nahwatz were not disturbed, however, and together with them and their families Mr. Wright continued the journey.

The sun was hot and the air close, which necessitated a long midday halt, so that it was late in the afternoon when the little party rounded a turn in the valley they were following and came in sight of Quanah's house, which the Indians said had been built for him by some ranchmen in exchange for Texas land. The little valley narrowed and rose, a smooth green slope, to where the rugged outline of the Wichita shut it in as with a rocky wall. Just where the prairie-grass ended and the timber began, backed against the mountain and facing down the valley and out to the plains, stood the

long rambling two-story house. Its roof was dark red and had great white stars painted on it. A palisade of wire fencing, thirty feet high, surrounded the house, and a considerable amount of ground. A winding trail led up the slope from the gate. Building and enclosure alike were silent, empty, and evidently deserted.

The missionary drove up to the gate and finding it locked, was obliged to give up all hope of replenishing his water-kegs at the chief's spring. He turned off the road to camp for the night. While preparations for supper were under way, the missionary suddenly raised his head, listening intently. Up the valley through the still, breathless air, came the low sound of distant hoof-beats, and, even as he listened, around the turn in the valley swept a band of Indians on horseback. They were evidently returning from some dance or feast, for they were in full Indian dress. On and on they rode, lithe, graceful figures on their spotted ponies, feathers and blankets fluttering about them, until finally they came to a stop before the gate and then parted, while through their midst came a ramshackle old surrey drawn by two ridiculous mismatched Indian ponies. On the front seat was a man who needed no finery of ceremonial dress to mark him the master of them all. The ugly lines of his citizen's dress could not hide the massive powerful figure any more than the careless hands that held the sagging reins could draw the gaze from the fiercely proud face in its icy calm or from the large

strange eyes smouldering under their drooping lids. He paid no more heed to the missionary's outfit than if it had not existed. Unfastening his gate he led his followers inside and drove up the winding trail to the house.

After supper was over a man came down from Quanah's to know what Mr. Wright might want.

"I want to speak with the chief."

The Indian departed and the brief twilight had deepened into dark before he returned to say the chief would see the party the next afternoon. Mr. Wright watched the messenger go back up the winding trail. The great enclosure was filled now with tents and tiny flickering fires. Another large camp-fire had been built before the chief's house and it threw grotesque dancing shadows along the deep veranda and brought into ghostly prominence the white stars on its roof.

The next afternoon at the appointed time two men came down to escort the party, and silently they led the missionary and his friends up to the wide veranda where Quanah was sitting with a number of his chiefs.

After the usual ceremonious silence Quanah asked what the missionary wanted to say. Mr. Wright answered :

"For many years we have been working among your people and my heart is anxious that you should stand with us. Will you tell me what you think of our work, and whether you are with us or against us?"

Quanah took some time for thought before he deigned to reply.

"I have told in council what I think of this way," he answered, speaking slowly in English. "Your friends there," and he nodded to Periconic and Nahwatz, "know what I said. I will tell you. Some day you, I, all white people and Indians will be dead. God sits in His lodge to judge." He paused, evidently realizing the inadequacy of his English. Then in the effort to make his idea graphic, he quickly threw it into the dramatic form. "See, I am God. Along comes a man. God say, 'Who are you?' Man say, 'I am white man.' God say, 'You Christian?' Man say, 'Yes.' God say, 'Where you ticket?' Man give it to God. God read. God say, 'You go here,'" and he gestured to the right. "Along come another man. God say, 'Who are you?' Man say, 'I am white man.' God say, 'You Christian?' Man say, 'No.' God say, 'Where you passport?' Man give it to God. God read. God say, 'You go here.'" And he gestured to the left. "Along come another man. God say, 'Who are you?' Man say, 'I am Indian.' God say, 'What you name?' Man say, 'Quanah Parker.' God say, 'You Christian?' Quanah say, 'No.' 'Where you ticket?' 'I ain't got any.' 'Where you passport?' 'I ain't got any.' 'Well, what you got to say for yourself?' Then I say, 'Indian living in darkness. No one showed us the way. I never used to hear about you till I was old.'"

The chief rose, gathering his blanket about him, and towered above the circle.

“A long time ago you heard of this Jesus. And now—to-day”—his voice was full of scorn—“you come to me. You ask me what do I think of this road. It is a good road. For the children it is a good road, but for me—you are too late. Why didn’t you come before? Were you too busy to come?—Well—were you too busy to send? You come now—you are too late. While you have been waiting many of us have died and the rest of us have turned to stone.”

He stood a moment dominating them, his strange compelling eyes blazing, then he turned and went into the house.

X

A WINNEBAGO BOY

IN the early summer of 1907 there came to the Comanche Reservation a Winnebago boy, seeking help—a boy with an unusual history.

In the late nineties there was a Presbyterian missionary on the Winnebago Reservation in eastern Nebraska, William T. Findley by name. He had been working for years among that tribe which the Government reckoned as one of the most degraded. Yet, in spite of these years of faithful effort, crowned though they were by no small measure of success among the white people, there was little advancement that he could see along Indian lines, and the people that he had so long and patiently sought to win were still hostile or indifferent to his message. One evening as he faced the situation the missionary's mind turned to a blind Indian who used to come often to the little church led by a bright-faced little boy. Disheartening as the outlook was, here was one little ray of hope—and he thought again of the lad's face, and of a talk he had recently had with Mrs. Findley. She had told him of that Sunday when the lesson on Christ before Pilate had brought the searching question, "But what will you do with this Jesus?"

to her class of small boys, and of the deep interest shown by this little Indian boy. He had determined at the time to have a long talk with the boy. Now he would wait no longer but would go that night, late though it was. It was midnight when he arrived at the school and asked for permission to speak with Henry Cloud.

"The boys are all in bed, Mr. Findley. Can't you wait till to-morrow?"

"No. Please call him. I cannot wait. I must see him now."

And in a few minutes the drowsy twelve-year-old was standing before him. Without a word the missionary turned and led him out away from the buildings under the quiet stars. He sat down in the grass, and drawing the child down beside him, he told him that he wanted him to promise to be a Christian. Then slowly and with infinite patience the missionary went through the marvellous story. The little fellow was very tired, but he knew from the untimely call that something of importance was pending, and therefore tried hard to listen and understand. This was what he heard.

There was a man who had lived far over the sea. He was poor, so poor He was born in a stable, yet great men, chiefs in their own country, came many miles to see Him and to bring Him gifts. And as He grew up He became a good man, the best man there ever was. He went about laying His hands on the sick that they might get well. He even spoke to the dead, and they walked and talked

again. He knew and loved children and boys, and they were always following Him. His heart was brave, for He could defy the men who held Him in their power, and He went to an awful death with no word of complaint, no cry of pain on His lips.

Then came a good deal that the child could not follow very well, but he gathered that the man had become a great Spirit with mighty power, and that He had sent Mr. Findley to ask him—Henry Cloud, the Indian boy—to be His friend. That was something he could understand. Was it not the teaching of the medicine-men that all his boyhood should be one effort to find the Spirit who was to be his friend and special guardian, and whose character would mould all his after life? Did not every legend of the old times that his grandmother told teach the meaning of friendship between men? Friends were of one blood, and their union could be severed only by death. He must fight for his friend and follow his fortunes, good or bad, all the days of his life. He must stand between his friend and all evil that would attack him unawares. So his grandmother had always said.

Henry Cloud knew what it meant and that this would be the greatest decision of his life. But this Jesus was a great Spirit as well as a man, and He was asking the Indian boy to be His friend. It would make that great Spirit's lonely heart happy if the boy should promise to fight for Him all the

days of his life. This was a great Spirit, and who was the boy to refuse? With shining eyes he gave his word. For hours they talked together, Mr. Findley and the lad, and when they walked back to the dormitory the missionary gave Henry the little black Testament he was to cherish.

None knew better than Henry Cloud the power of the Medicine Lodge, the organized religion of the Winnebagoes, for his mother was a "medicine-woman" and stood high in their councils. He could not remember when he had not listened, wide-eyed, to stories of strange rites and dark practices, or heard, shuddering, of the terrible power of their "medicine bundles," for these they claimed could take life or render a person useless for the rest of his days with paralysis. He knew of their threats of death to any member who turned away from the "religion of the fathers." The boy's loneliness was great, but he gained comfort from the quiet times spent alone in the dormitory, when the reading of his little Testament brought his Friend very close.

"Oh," he cried once, "Jesus was lonely and He hadn't any friends, and I am so lonely and I haven't any friends. Why couldn't we have lived together!"

Perhaps some rumor had reached the ears of his old grandmother, for one day she drew him aside, telling him she had something of importance to tell him.

"My grandson," the old woman began, "I hear

you are thinking of becoming a 'preaching-listener.'¹ You are to be a man and you must make your own road, but before you decide I want to tell you something that is handed down from the fathers, and it is true.

"Long long years ago, the wearers of the broad-cloth² came among the Crows and one Crow Indian became a preaching-listener, and when he came to die they did not know what to do with him. They did not think they ought to bury him in the Indian way, for in his life he had not walked with them, but they did not know what was the right way to bury a preaching-listener. So they did not know what to do.

"They were just starting off on a hunting-trip, so they decided to dress him as nearly as they could like the wearers of the broadcloth and to put him up on a high booth of boughs away from the wolves while they went up-stream to hunt. When they came back perhaps they might know what to do with him. So they dressed him in a long straight black coat that they made of skins and they put something white about his neck. Then they laid him on the booth and went away.

"Now listen, my grandson ; for four days the soul of that preaching-listener stayed near its body, and on the fourth day it started on its journey to the spirit-land. He travelled many days till it came to a place where two roads met, and the soul took the right-hand road. After a long while it saw a white

¹ A Christian.

² Probably Jesuit missionaries.

city up on a hill and many people were there and they were singing. And the soul was glad, for the journey had been long. So it hurried towards the white city. As it drew nearer it could hear the people singing to welcome another soul, but, my grandson, when that of the preaching-listener approached and they saw it was an Indian, one of those that were there waved to it and called :

“‘Go back. Go back. You are an Indian. You have taken the wrong road. Go back and take the left-hand trail.’

“So the soul turned back and took the left-hand road. And after a long time it began to hear the beating of the tom-toms and the singing of the women and by and by it saw a beautiful Indian village. And as it drew near it saw men standing at the doors of the tepees and they were friends that it had known. The soul was very glad, for after all this was the life it knew, and it started to run towards the village. Then one of those that were standing at the tepee-doors, seeing the black clothes, waved to it, and called :

“‘Go back. Go back, white man, you cannot come in here. Go back and take the right-hand road.’

“So the soul turned and went back. When it came to the place where the two roads met, it stood there for a long time, then it turned and took the road back to its body.

“After many days the hunting-party came back and took down the body of the preaching-listener.

And they found that it was a little warm as if there were a little life left in it. So they gave it to an old woman who nursed it and by and by the preaching-listener came back to life, and when he was able to sit up he opened his mouth and told them this story. It has come down from the fathers and it is true.

“And now, my grandson, I know that you are to be a man, and you will make your own way, but I want you to know if you take this new road that you will be a homeless wanderer in the world to come.”

It speaks much for the temper of the boy's resolve that in spite of it all he held to his new faith. And out of that baptism of loneliness and fear he brought the determination to speak. His constant companion was a boy a few years older than he, and to this boy, Adam Fisher, he began to talk, telling him all he knew and firing the older boy to join him in allegiance to their strange Friend.

Among the Winnebagoes there is a belief that all the spirits and supernatural beings of the earth and the underworld are subject to one great Spirit; and it is customary when two men take a vow to draw marks on the ground, thus calling the Earth Spirit to witness the pledge. If the vow is broken the first moment the apostate's foot shall touch the ground his partner of the oath will know, though separated by leagues and leagues of land and water, since the same great Earth supports us all.

When the two young Indians registered their

oath of Friendship to their Leader, they chose this, the most impressive ceremony they knew, and each stooped over and silently drew his mark to call the Indian Earth Spirit in solemn witness to his fealty to the Christian God. And for Adam it was a step of no mean significance, for his people belonged to the Medicine Lodge, and he would be expected to join, should some relative die and he be next in line.

One afternoon some weeks after this the two boys were walking along one of the dusty roads leading from the government school, having started out to tell some of the older Indians of this new way. Suddenly Adam, who was ahead, looked back.

"Henry, you have to do the talking."

"Oh, no. You are older. You must talk."

"No. You knew about it all before I did; you must do the talking. What are you going to say?"

"I don't know."

Both boys stopped, and there was a long silence. Then Henry slowly turned. "I guess, Adam, we will have to know more about Jesus and the Book of God before we can go to these medicine-men with the new way."

Through the influence of Mr. Findley it had been arranged that a group of Winnebago boys were to go to a Christian school and it was not long after this that Henry and seven others were sent to the Santee Congregational school. Perhaps it was the fact that they were so far from home, but whatever

the cause, six of the boys slipped out one night and ran away and only Henry and one other boy were left. Then one night Henry's companion came to him to say that he too was going and would Henry go with him. The boy sat silent turning it over, and when he spoke it was with the air of finality.

"No," he said, "I will not go with you, because I have not learned all I came here to learn; but I will walk with you a little way."

As he walked along beside his friend in the dark of that night Henry Cloud faced the blank emptiness that would be waiting for him when he turned back alone, and his courage almost failed. Not until after years did his companion confess how near he came to turning back with him that night. "If you had asked me once more to stay I would have done so." But Henry did not dream of the unspoken longing and at the crossroads they shook hands, and with a sinking heart he trudged back to the school.

While at Santee the boy was sent one day to the room of the matron of his dormitory, and his attention was drawn to a small book in her little library. He picked it up, and when the matron came into the room, the Indian boy made no move. He was buried in the book, Smiles's "Self-help." Seeing his interest the matron offered to lend it to him, and the boy trudged off happy with the book under his arm. It was the beginning of a new idea and with characteristic thoroughness he tested all his life by it, and decided that the rest of

his education he would get by his own efforts without the help of the government. He was sixteen when he had earned enough to go to Mount Hermon School, of which he had heard at Santee, and he started East alone. When Henry reached Northfield in September of 1902, and, scrambling out of the car, joined the laughing, jostling crowd of boys starting on the mile walk through the pine woods, he felt more utterly alone than ever in his life before. It was a relief when, on reaching Crossley Hall, he found in the pile of baggage that had just been unloaded his own little round-topped trunk. Dragging it out he sat down on it, as if thus he might feel a little nearer to the familiar past. It seemed to him as if every other boy there knew some one, as if he was the only stranger, and he watched them enviously. At last some one saw him, and directed him to the school, where he plunged into the bewildering process of registration.

The money he had brought with him from the West lasted him not quite a year, and then he was obliged to take some time to earn enough to finish. He had planned to go to Dartmouth College because, owing to the fact that an Indian gave the land on which the college stands, special arrangements are made for Indian boys, but a joke turned his course. One of the fellows laughingly challenged him to take some competitive examination with him, and entering into the fun Henry said, "The Yale Prelims are here now. Come on in and let's see what we can do anyway."

The white boy failed in all but one, while the Indian passed eight. Since he had taken the examinations, he saw no reason why he should not go to Yale, and accordingly matriculated at New Haven in the fall of 1906.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Adam Fisher had gone to Carlisle and there, like many another before and after him, he lost his first firm grip on the new faith. After a year or two he had come down with consumption and had been finally sent home to Winnebago to die, a discouraged and embittered boy.

One day among the letters on his desk Dr. Roe found one from an influential lady in Philadelphia. She had taken the liberty of writing, she said, because of the hope that had been given her at Lake Mohonk by hearing of the Lodge at Colony. She had a young friend, a Winnebago student at Carlisle, in whom she was much interested. He had been sent home to his reservation from school in an advanced stage of consumption of the throat, and for months she had been striving in vain to get him into some institution or sanitarium where he might have proper care and the opportunity to lay hold on his slender chance of recovery. He was a boy of such promise, she pleaded; could they not take him in and give him a hope for life?

The missionaries talked it over. The first impulse was to say, "Send him and we will manage somehow," but there were attendant circumstances which had to be considered. There were already

two sick girls in the Lodge. To add another burden to little Miss Mary's already weighted shoulders and that a boy of whose actual physical condition or of whose moral character they knew practically nothing, seemed scarcely right. At last Dr. Roe said, "Write her and explain the situation and tell her what an intimate life those at the Mohonk Lodge must live. Ask her to speak frankly of his moral standard, and if the report is satisfactory, then we can tell her we will take him."

The letter was accordingly written, but the questions were never answered, for Adam Fisher, having heard of the possibility, Indian-like, had not waited for anything more definite, but, buoyed up by the hope of recovery, was already on his way. The first inkling the missionaries had as to the situation was a message from Weatherford that a sick Indian was in the station asking for Dr. Roe.

There was nothing to do but to send up for him and since the Lodge was full, they made a place for him in a tent outside the building. For the first few weeks it seemed as if the boy might recover in the high clear air of those Southwestern plains. Then the transient effect of change wore off and he went rapidly down, but in the brief respite he had won back through the gloom of discouragement to the enthusiasm of faith that he thought he had lost.

One day Dr. Roe called the young Winnebago into his study. "Adam, we feel we ought to tell you that you cannot get well," he began, speaking

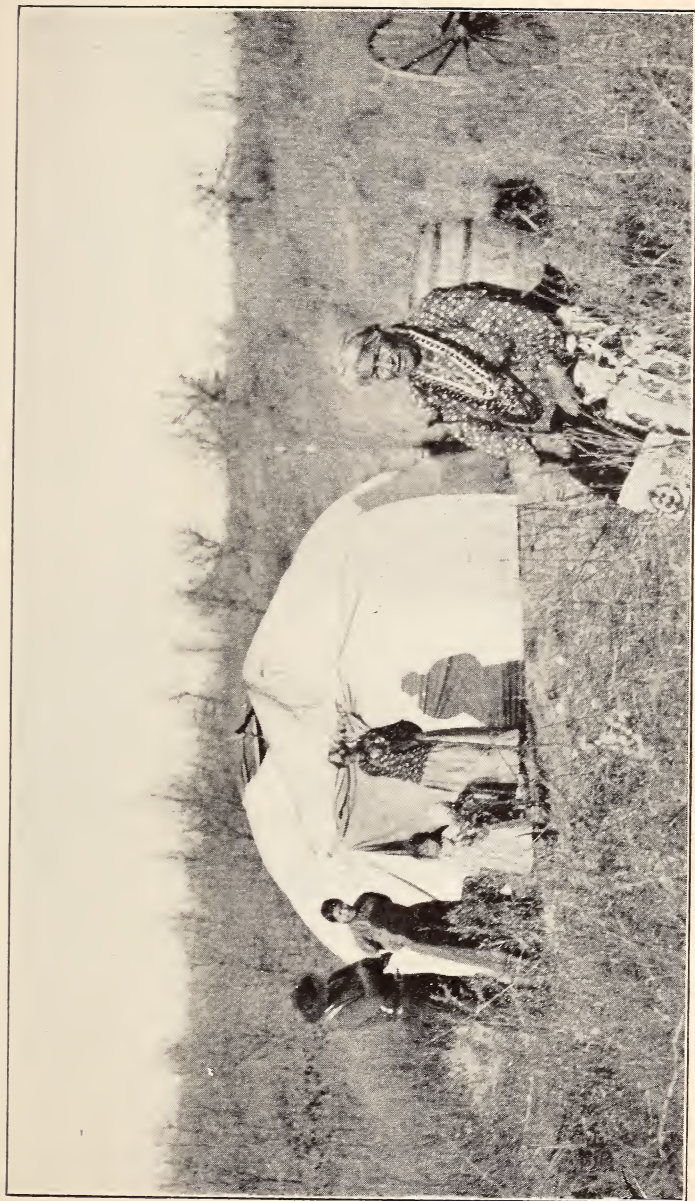
tenderly. "And now we want you to do whatever you wish. If you want to stay with us we will be glad to have you here, and if you would like to send for any of your people, we will put up tents and try to make them comfortable. Or if you feel as if you must go home, we will see that you get there safely. Now, Adam, which shall it be?"

The young man rose and walked to the window that faced the north and stood a long time looking out. When he spoke it was without turning around.

"When I was a little boy, Dr. Roe," he said, "I took a vow to bring the 'New Road' to my people. I cannot die without speaking. I want to go back to them."

Perhaps if the missionary had known of the conditions among the Winnebagoes, he might have tried to protect the boy, but, as it was, one of the workers went with him to where he was put on a through train, and the Presbyterian missionary was notified of his coming. It was not till years later that they heard the end of his story.

He settled his things in a little log cabin near the mission grounds, and here his relatives, staunch Medicine Lodge supporters, came to welcome him to his home again. One evening when they were all gathered in the cabin's one small room, and the talk had been turning on the weeks at Colony in the "Indian House," Adam saw his chance and began to speak, his thin face eager and alight. He told them all from the time when two boys called



A Staunch Medicine Lodge Supporter.



the Earth to witness their vows to the moment when he left Colony to bring them these words, and he strove to make the "New Road" plain and straight before them.

A dismayed silence stretched long after his last words, and he looked about the ring of faces with a sinking heart. He could read bitter disappointment in a few, sorrow on more, one was marked with fear, but conviction he could find in none. And he knew he had failed even before they began to speak. Then one by one they talked with him, pleading, striving to move him. These words he spoke were foolishness, they said. All this was white man's talk, and well enough for white men, but Indians had their own road which they had walked in from the beginning. Would he turn from the traditions of his fathers and their fathers before them? This was the only road that would lead him safely to the Land of Souls. His days might not be long now. Was he willing to leave them forever?

"No! No!" he cried and flung out his hands in entreaty. "Not if you will walk this New Road with me. I have tried it, and I know this is the true road, and this alone."

Then they changed the method of their attack. Who was he, a mere boy, to talk of knowing this road or that? One old man said he had followed the Medicine Lodge Road all through a long life, and he could say it was good. It gave him power when he was young, and by that power he was

now old, as they could see. What more could one ask ?

"But there is so much more," argued Adam, but they cut him short.

Had he thought of the medicine-men ? Indeed he had, often and often. They would be sure to hear of this unless he were wise and held his tongue. Had he thought of that when he took that vow ?

He nodded his head.

"I must speak," he answered slowly. "I must speak though I die for it."

A few days later he was standing at the door of his cabin when a medicine-man passed along the road, and as Adam watched him the haunting fear and belief in the power of the medicine-men made his heart beat fast. What if they should approach him in the form of some night animal and attack him !

That evening he went to the mission and borrowed a gun, and not long after the missionary went down to the cabin to see if there was anything he could do. He found the boy dead, and as a pathetic witness to his belief in the power of "medicine," in spite of Christian training, on the ground around his home the dead bodies of every little prowling night animal that had come within range of his gun.

* * * * *

It was early in his freshman year at Yale that Henry received a letter from Nebraska, bearing extraordinary news. Another young man, just re-

turned from Carlisle, had succeeded in breaking the Camp of Medicine Lodge and founding a new religion. He had taken first the drug mescal which had already gotten so strong a hold on the southern Indians, and had combined its worship with the Bible. This drug, made from the Mexican Peyote, is a powerful brain stimulant. When under its effect the memory is preternaturally active, the mind works with frightful rapidity, and visions and scenes of the past life are mingled in confusion. But like any other engine overworked the mind slowly breaks down and the victim's mental, moral and physical fibre gradually disintegrates. The returned student took this drug and turning to the fourteenth chapter of John, he read where Christ promised the Comforter to His disciples, saying, "He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you." Then he said to his followers:

"See. There is God the Father, God the Son, which is Jesus Christ, and God the Holy Ghost, which is Mescal. For the Bible says, 'The Holy Ghost shall be in you,' and you drink this mescal and it is in you, and it brings all things to your remembrance just as Jesus said it would."

As a result of this skillful combination, six hundred of the Indians had gone out in a body and the Medicine Lodge, for the first time overpowered by the numbers, had been obliged to see them go. The leader of the new cult then wrote to Henry Cloud, asking him to come home and act as a leader

in this new "religion," urging that it was an influence for good, as the Mescal men led cleaner, soberer lives.

The young Winnebago was threshing out his answer to this proposition, when Mrs. Roe went to New Haven to speak before the Young Men's Christian Association at Yale. After hearing her address, he secured an appointment to meet and talk with her. As soon as the introduction was over, he said :

"Mrs. Roe, I was glad to hear you speak. I had almost begun to believe that it is impossible to Christianize the American Indian."

"Why, Mr. Cloud," she answered, "what made you lean towards such an opinion as that?"

"Because I am one of them."

Mrs. Roe, quick to read Indian nature, caught the note of discouragement under the brief words and said at once that she would like to talk that over. Bit by bit, Henry poured out his story and this last strange offer of the Carlisle graduate.

"My tribe has had pure Christianity preached to them for nearly thirty years," he concluded. "But I almost believe they are too strongly entrenched in the tribal religion to receive it. On the other hand Mescal has made them open and friendly to preaching, and may this not be my opportunity to go and take to them the true word of God?"

"Mr. Cloud," begged Mrs. Roe, "before you come to any conclusion, I would like to have you come down and visit our missions. Your tribe is

only beginning with mescal and you have no conception of the effects of that drug. Our tribes have been addicted to it for years, and they can show you the inevitable goal if your tribe takes this road. Then, too, I can show you tribes every bit as demoralized as yours which have not only been Christianized but uplifted socially, strengthened and civilized by 'pure Christianity' alone. I can introduce you to Indians who are now deep in the Mescal worship and to others who, after knowing all about it, have abandoned it for Christ. The Indians will not appreciate your college training in this matter, but they will recognize that which you gather from the Indians themselves. Study into this matter with us before you venture to teach it to your tribe. Will you come?"

The young Indian promised that he would. And so it was that the early summer of 1907 found him on the Comanche Reservation.

Mrs. Roe took him out and introduced him to Nahwatz and Periconic, telling these old Mescal men of the situation in the young man's tribe and of his pending decision, and then she left the young Winnebago with the older men.

Periconic's deep eyes glowed.

"I walked that road from the beginning almost to the end," he said, "and although many colds have gone by since I cut it off, my body is marked yet by Mescal."

Nahwatz confirmed his friend.

"I was a priest of Mescal," he added; "for thirty

years I followed that worship, and there is nothing in it. I saw the visions but they are dreams that fly away and leave the heart empty and small. Young man, go back to lead your tribe along the road that fills their hearts with joy."

This was the beginning of hours of talk, and when the Winnebago came to leave he went to Mrs. Roe.

"I have decided," he said. "I am going back to ask the missionary to let me help him, and I am going to work for Christ."

XI

UP-STREAM WORK

LATER in the summer Mrs. Roe was planning the itinerary of a speaking trip when she found that her way between two cities would lead her through the Winnebago Reservation and she wrote Henry Cloud that she would stop for a day or two and visit him and his tribe.

It was a rainy evening when she got off the train at the little town, but Henry was awaiting her with a carriage and team and drove her to the home of a friend. The next day occurred the semi-annual payment of lease money, bringing in the Indians to the agency and affording unusual opportunity for meeting and talking with them. Henry told a number that this was the lady who received and cared for Adam Fisher, and the news, spreading from group to group, opened the hearts of the Indians. During the day, as now one and then another came to talk with the missionary, the heart hunger of these people was borne in upon her, but the real vision of need and opportunity came when Henry asked her to go with him to the grave of Mr. Findley. Together they had climbed the hill crowned by the Indian cemetery and passing between the strange little houses of wood which

the Winnebagoes erect over their dead, had found the small white stone which marked the grave of the man who had labored so long and patiently for the tribe and who had been such an influence in Henry's life.

The young Indian stood looking thoughtfully down upon this stone, and Mrs. Roe, taking her place beside him, read with a thrill of sympathetic understanding the prophetic words cut on its surface: "My word shall not return unto me void." She realized that in the life of this young man, led in his childhood into the friendship of the Master, lay the fulfillment of that pledge. Together they knelt and asked God's help in the work which must be done if the light of God's word were ever to shine in that dark place. For a long time they sat beside the lonely grave, looking down over the valley below them, while Henry explained the condition of his people.

"Twenty-five years ago," he said, "my people were doing well. They are bright and eager to learn. They were poor then and they had to work that they might eat. They broke out these farms," and he pointed down to the rolling country beneath them, with its tufted oaks and waving corn. "They built these houses and sent their children to school. All these younger Indians speak English well. But now this land is very valuable, Mrs. Roe, and they can easily live on their lease money. With increase of riches the 'land grafters' have come and they sit around the edges of this reservation like carrion-

crows. They have sold liquor here until a great many of the Indians are drunken, debauched and immoral. There are almost no legal marriages. Oh, Mrs. Roe, there is need for what you are doing at Colony. I wish you could come here and work ! ”

He spoke of the days of his childhood, and much of that friend of his boyhood, Adam Fisher, and his brave end. He told of his life at school, and as Mrs. Roe listened, living in imagination through those years of struggle, she realized afresh the strength and power of the young Indian.

On the evening of the second day Mrs. Roe left Winnebago to continue her journey. When in Pella she spoke of the new work that was being done by the Classis of Iowa, which was supporting a mission all its own, and one of the ministers, filled with enthusiasm, said :

“ We could do that. The churches of Pella could support a mission. Has the Board one that we could take ? ”

Then Mrs. Roe told of this needy tribe, asking for help at their very doors. Later the Classis of Pella said that they would support this mission if the church could secure its transfer from the Presbyterian Board.

There can be nothing in the long annals of missions which speaks more eloquently of the broad, fine spirit of coöperation that exists between denominations to-day than does this action of the Presbyterian Board, by which they transferred to

another church this difficult field on which they had been ploughing for so many years and from which they had as yet gathered little return for their toil. That the action was wise, subsequent events have shown; that it would have been impossible to the men of fifty years ago, none can deny. The change undoubtedly hastened on the harvest, but the beginning is to be found, not in the new régime, but in the faithful seed-sowing of patient years.

In July, 1908, the pioneer three, Mr. Wright and Dr. and Mrs. Roe, with two helpers and Henry Cloud for interpreter, entered their new field for a strenuous campaign. Every morning the teams started out in different directions for a day of visits in camp and house, and every evening they all gathered together again, occasionally holding meetings to which a few Indians came out of curiosity as to this new method of missionary work. At first the medicine-men and the Mescal leaders viewed this extraordinary activity with contemptuous indifference, but as the little knot of listeners around the missionaries grew in size and importance, this indifference changed to surprise, which in turn gave way to uneasiness. Wherever the workers now gathered the Indians about their fire, the medicine-men and the Mescal leaders seated themselves in groups to listen and question concerning the new road, and so the days went by.

By the middle of August the tribe had been carefully covered and the missionaries began prep-

arations for the camp-meeting. The first problem was to find a place where they could pitch the camp. It was necessary that it be on the reserve if the missionaries were to hope for any audience at all. After much planning and investigation, and many conferences with Henry, Dr. Roe came to his decision and called his band together one night.

"Friends," he said, "I have decided to hold the camp-meeting on the Flag Pole Hill."

A gasp went round the little circle at the thought of such a use of the land peculiarly set apart for Indian dance and worship, but they waited loyally to hear his reasons.

"In the first place it is common tribal land. It is central and accessible from every part of the reservation and it is the natural meeting-place. Henry says the whole tribe is in terror of the Medicine Lodge, and that if we are to hope for success at all, we must show that for us there is no such word as fear. We must strike at the evil in its stronghold and in such a way as to silence for all time the idea that we are subservient in any way to their superstitions. If we place our camp anywhere else the forces of opposition will claim a recognition of their sacred ground and will gain accordingly, and if we camp on Flag Pole Hill we cannot be ignored. We are sure of an audience at least."

He looked about the ring of eager faces. Mrs. Roe nodded smiling, young Mr. Barnes grinned approval, Henry's grave eyes gleamed admiration

and Miss Meengs bobbed her head vigorously, as Mr. Wright slapped his knee, and voiced the opinion of them all, "Man dear, that's fine!"

So it was that on Thursday, the twentieth of August, the missionaries drove in and pitched their camp, stretching the white canvas of the gospel tent beside the Pow-wow building on the top of the hill. That evening the little band, augmented by the arrival of Mrs. Page, held their first meeting. A few Indians, all Mescal men, came inside the tent and sat down, but the greater part stood just outside where they could watch all that went on, their dark eyes gleaming in the light of the flaring gas lamps.

The following morning the service was held in the shade, near the gospel tent. The meeting was scarcely worthy the name, so few attended, although the Indians were coming in by all the roads, and collected in low-talking groups about the weather-beaten walls of the Pow-wow building. It was the leader of such a group as this who stopped Dr. Roe, when the service was over, and the missionary was starting on the usual round of camp visits.

"You may talk for a thousand years," declared the Indian defiantly, "but you will never gain one man from Medicine Lodge."

The missionary threw up his head and looked at the speaker with the clear steady gaze which had won him the name of Iron Eyes and passed on his way in silence.

All day long the Indians gathered in a steady stream, and the groups on Flag Pole Hill grew in size.

The afternoon sun fell blazing on the great camp as the missionaries gathered for their third meeting. The leafy branches hung limp and wilted on the light framework of the shade, but the shadow beneath was very grateful, and the workers drew their chairs about the baby organ in the centre of the space, and gazed out between the knotted uprights silhouetted black against the landscape. Far and away the reservation stretched, clustered oak and rolling meadow swimming in the white hot light. The last clear note of Henry Cloud's bugle sent out its ringing call and died in the white distance. Then they began to come, singly and in groups, some ranging themselves in ranks before the missionaries, and others standing solid in a dense ring about the shade, sitting beyond in the shadow of the Pow-wow building, or looking silent from its windows.

The service began with a few hymns in which at the other meetings the Mescal men had been joining, but that afternoon not a sound came from the audience and the missionaries' voices sounded painfully thin and weak against that background of silence. Mrs. Roe found herself nervously watching the crowd—there a man with folded arms and keenly capable face, who stared unwinkingly out into the sunshine; here a white-haired old woman who held a beautiful sleeping child in her arms,

baby and grandmother alike motionless. When the singing was ended and Mr. Wright stepped forward to address the people, the young leader of Mescal arose and asked for leave to speak.

"My friends, and you old men, hear me," he said. "It is the will of God that these people come to us. We used to think this good news was only for the white man, but now we know it is for the Indian and our hearts are glad. And now these men and women come to tell us of their Book. They have had this Book for many years and year by year their power has grown. Have they not stretched the talking-wire which carries their words from place to place with the speed of the lightning? Have they not made the great engines and harnessed the fire to draw their cars through distances? And while the white man's power has grown, what have we Indians been doing? All this while we have been losing power. We have made no great inventions to help us and step by step we have fallen back before the white men for we were powerless before them. All this time we have been following you, the old men, but now the time has come to change. You have led us along a road of little strength and to-day we are powerless. Now let the young men speak. Watch us now and do as we do and let us get back the power we have lost."

So saying he turned to the missionary and claimed to be taken into the new church, he and his six hundred followers.

Mr. Wright turned to Dr. Roe who had quietly stepped to his side, and who now asked the leader:

"And my friend, what of mescal?"

"The white man has the Bible which he can read," was the quick reply; "the Indians have mescal. Mescal must come too."

Was it only to hear better that the Medicine Lodge men were pressing nearer, coming from the Pow-wow building to the shade? Or was there something more ominous in that silent closing-in? With swift intuition Dr. Roe saw the dilemma and grasped its significance. If the offer of the Mescal leader were accepted, the new Christianity would be submerged under the weight of this perverted form and all further advance would be impossible. Yet if it were refused it would seem to these men as if the doors of the church were closed against them, and they would be driven into the already hostile ranks of Medicine Lodge. Then who could tell to what lengths they might go? The quiet, steady voice of the missionary broke the tense silence and all realized he was telling a story.

"The White Father in Washington has a great army," he began, "and in it are many bands of men. There are soldiers who fight on foot and the soldiers who fight on horseback, and there are the men with the great guns. If a man enters the army of the White Father, he must choose which band he will enter. He may be a soldier who fights on foot, or he may belong to the soldiers who fight on horseback, or he may be one of the men

with the great guns, but he cannot belong to any two of these at the same time. He must choose.

"The army of God has many bands. There are the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Dutch Reformed and many more. When a man enters that great army of God he must choose his band; he cannot be a Presbyterian and a Methodist at the same time. My friend," he ended, turning to the Mescal leader, "no one knows better than you that when you joined Mescal you had to throw away your Medicine Lodge gods and when you join us, you must throw away Mescal and worship God alone."

A murmur of approval followed the speech and the climax of opposition was past. From that time on, the real work could be done. As the workers went among the tents of the camp those next two days, they were met by questioning curiosity and occasionally by an eager interest that contrasted sharply with the stony indifference that had baffled every attempted approach. They took every advantage of the opportunity, and Sunday night, only three days after the medicine-man's confident defiance, a church of twenty members was established.

Soon after the breaking up of the camp-meeting the extra force disbanded, scattering to other missions, and left Dr. and Mrs. Roe to the difficult and discouraging task of founding and carrying out the routine life of the new field.

The difficulties and distinctive features of the

new mission soon classified themselves under two heads: those due to the presence of the frontier whites, and those due to characteristics of the Indians themselves. Of the first, there was the ever-present liquor interest, unusually strong because Sioux City with its unlimited supply was only twenty miles away. In addition there was a peculiarly shrewd, bold and unscrupulous set of "land grafters" whose methods and influence debauched the tribe.

On the Indian side the forces of heathenism as represented by Medicine Lodge were more thoroughly organized than in any other tribe with which these missionaries had been dealing. A low grade of social life found expression in the Pow-wow which afforded opportunity for the exercise of prevailing Indian vices and had no power of social uplift. And the whole difficult situation was made more difficult still by the existence of Mescal, the strange new cult which, by a combination of a drug habit with a vitiated presentation of truth, had drawn off some of the best people in the tribe. It had been of undoubted service in breaking the power of Medicine Lodge and fighting the use of liquor, but its very good made its error all the harder to combat. More than all, the people as a class were not ignorant or teachable, but keen, combative, and sophisticated in the extreme.

Thus it was a combination of circumstances peculiarly perplexing which the missionaries were left to face. It meant days on the road travelling between the scattered farms to hold interviews

where evasions and oily speeches often seemed the order of the day. It meant anxious conferences with the agent who was determined to fight the liquor problem through to a solution and who received enthusiastic support from the workers. But as crown and reward of it all came the meetings at the little church with the few who dared to stand out in the face of such odds, and whose faithful adherence was a constant source of strength.

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It was a fine day in the early fall of 1909 and Mr. Watermulder was taking the Field Secretary for a day of house to house visiting. The missionary climbed in, tucked his end of the lap robe carefully beneath his leg, and gathered up the reins.

"Suppose we go first to see Louisa Bear," he suggested. "I have scarcely had a chance to talk with her since the camp-meeting. I wish you could have heard her at that service when she took her final stand. She thought she wanted to come at the first camp-meeting last year.

"Yet when I got here last winter, the first time I saw her she was lying in a drunken stupor in a wagon. But she kept getting up and trying again. And at this camp-meeting—you should have heard that talk to her people. She began by reminding them to what depths of degradation she had gone and then she said:

"‘Last year when I first took my stand in the meetings some one said to the missionaries that even if God above came down to lift me I could



Louisa Bear.



not be lifted by Him. Now I want to testify that God can do anything if you have faith and trust. He has lifted me,' she said. And I believe He has. I believe He has." For a few moments the missionary absently flicked at a curling end of a harness strap with his whip, then he added: "You will see it in her face. We all did. And I lay it to that, and to the weight given her words by her well-known past record, that so many decided to stand with us. A hundred of them, had you heard that, a hundred? She will be a great addition," he added thoughtfully.

After two hours' driving they came to the little frame house in the hollow and Louisa's big form came hurrying from the door to welcome them. She led them into the small kitchen and seated them on chairs which she hastily dusted and set forward. In the course of the conversation which followed it appeared that Louisa had something on her mind.

"I have been thinking a great deal about two things which happened to me," she said. "First I witnessed a drunkard's death. It was my own stepson. I prayed and prayed for him to be saved from that awful death. I prayed that he might be spared and promised that I would bring him to Christ. But God let my stepson die without knowing he was going to die, without being prepared. Oh, that's the terriblest agony I ever suffered." Louisa's lips were trembling and she turned her strong face away, looking out of the open door with swimming

eyes. After a while she spoke again. "I think God meant me to see that death.

"Then I saw a Christian die this summer at our camp-meetings. This man suffered with hemorrhages and he took Jesus as his Saviour when he was nearing his death. I did not want to see him die. I prayed that I would not be near him. I sat up two nights with him and then I was relieved, but it was so I happened to wake up and went to see how he was towards daylight. He was talking and was asking to have something to eat. I woke my husband, asked him to start a fire and then I warmed some broth and fed him. He seemed to feel all right as he talked and joked with us, so finally we left him.

"I started to get things ready for breakfast when he called my sister. 'Put out the light,' he said; 'the day is here.' All was quiet for about fifteen minutes, then he spoke again. 'There are voices above,' he said, 'and I see angels—with the missionaries—standing around my bed.' I asked him what the voices were saying, but he just lifted his hands, took one long breath and his soul was gone from his body." Again came the eloquent pause, then after a moment: "I believe God meant me to see all this and the difference between these two deaths."

In a short time the visitors rose to go and the big Winnebago woman walked with them to the carriage. After they had climbed in and settled themselves she still stood beside them, holding by the rim of the wheel, and Mr. Watermulder, seeing

she had something yet to say, waited patiently. Finally she lifted that face of stern strength, where already the gentleness of her new life had left its mark, and spoke simply to the gravely listening man.

"I thank God and His people that I have taken up this Christian life, and I hope with God's help that I may never falter again. I wish the same for every Indian, and I cannot express my thanks in words how you missionaries have saved our people from a terrible death."

As the afternoon was well advanced the missionary turned the team and they jogged along towards home. At length a bend in the road brought them in sight of a house set back and a little above them. Near it on the ground sat an old woman with a great heap of golden squashes by her side, and behind her stood a shade festooned all its length with long yellow streamers. Mr. Watermulder's eyes brightened.

"There is Ocean Woman," he said. "Her people are staunch Medicine Lodge supporters. I have been meaning to visit her. Shall we not stop and see her?"

The Field Secretary eagerly assented and they drew up and tied the horses. The old woman greeted them with a welcoming smile, and standing up, sent a ringing call towards the house for an interpreter. While they waited for him to put in a tardy appearance, the old woman sat down again to her work, and the two white people watched

fascinated. She selected a squash, cut it in half, and emptied out the seeds; then with her sharp knife laid flat on the cut edge of the shell, she began shaving off a thin layer, turning the squash as she cut, and working down spirally, till the whole half squash was one long curling streamer of yellow meat. Then she lifted it beside the others on her drying frame, smiling at the interested faces of her watchers. She was making ready her winter's supply.

When the interpreter came, the missionary drew out some Cosmos pictures of the life of Christ and with graphic words told of each incident suggested by them. At first the old woman would examine each one and exclaim over it, and then take up her interrupted work while the missionary told the story. But little by little the narrative wove its spell and finally the busy hands were still and Ocean Woman's whole attention was fixed on the speaker and his pictures. When at last the end was reached the old woman sat motionless for a long time, her knife loosely clasped by the listless fingers, her squash forgotten where it had rolled unnoticed. She was looking out over the hills bathed in the glory of the setting sun with a far-away look in her old eyes.

"Once in the forgotten years when I was a girl," she said at last, "when we lived in the Far Country (she meant Wisconsin) the black gowns (priests) came and told us that same story. From that day to this I have never heard those good words."

The missionary saw that the desired impression had been made, and with a sign to his companion he got up and they softly went away, leaving the old woman sitting by her golden heap and gazing silently across the years.

* * * * *

So year has followed year at the Winnebago Mission and slowly the work has grown. The church now numbers nearly two hundred and the West Chapel has been built at the far end of the reservation, better to meet the growing needs. The old parsonage has been converted into a Rescue Home and a new one has taken its place. These are the signs of advance.

But meanwhile the Medicine Lodge, the Pow-wow and Mescal have recovered from their first confusion and are in organized opposition. Then how to summarize present conditions? Perhaps the best epitome is found in the words written by Dr. Roe at the beginning:

“But we must not think that we shall glide easily down the current of this Winnebago enterprise. It will be up-stream work for years, for mixed truth and error and a burnt-over field form a hard, unromantic combination to set right and the problem . . . will call for patient persistence, breadth of treatment, and a compelling faith. These we must all give, and to God the victory.”

XII

MESCALERO APACHES

ONE winter, on one of his trips, Dr. Roe, who never missed an opportunity to become acquainted with any Indian tribe, stopped off to visit an agency and school in a lonely valley in New Mexico, a valley surrounded by mountains of grandeur and beauty unspeakable. He stayed but a few days, watching the children in the school and the unkempt Indians in the hill-side camp beyond the agency, drawing the workers on to talk, listening and learning much. Quiet days they seemed yet pregnant in after results, one of the first of which was a letter.

"August 1, 1907.

"Dear Fellow-Workers of the Reformed Church :

"Again the Lord beckons and we must follow on. Again a door of opportunity springs open and we must enter in. The blessing of God on our Indian work in the past becomes the guarantee of new conquest, and we stand at attention while faith says, 'Ready, Lord.'

"Out among the mountains of New Mexico, on a reservation that has never been allotted, lives a tribe of Indians called the Mescalero Apaches. They are closely related to the Geronimo band of

captive Apaches at Fort Sill, among whom for years our church has been carrying on a flourishing mission. Their school and agency are at Mescalero, eighteen miles from the railroad, and they live by agriculture, lumbering, stock-raising, and the sale of the products of their native arts.

“For years from their mountain homes they have looked down upon the broad valleys, south, east, and west, where lie the towns of the white man, and the transcontinental trains rush by, but the civilization which these things represent has laid but a light hand upon their aboriginal life and character. When some of us this winter visited the school with its more than one hundred children and held a service with them, we were told that for four years only one other Protestant sermon had been preached there, and the agent informed us that the people in the camps had for the most part never heard of Christ. Absolute heathen in a Christian land, but deserted by the Church of Christ in that land and without hope of missionary succor from other lands.

“Direct on the heels of the discovery of this crying need comes the ringing call. Agent Carroll pleaded with me to take these people on our hearts, and to plant a mission near the school, where we could give religious instruction to the children, and at the same time carry the Gospel to the camps scattered among the mountains. He pledged to us his earnest coöperation, assuring us that a suitable site would be set apart and that every help and en-

couragement possible would be given us. In this request he was urgently joined by the rest of the workers.

“Further, for several years, there has been a strong agitation among our band of Apaches at Fort Sill, who are anxious to be removed to the Mescalero Reservation, and while this will not be done now, it is highly probable that the transfer may be made before long.

“Nor is this all. To the north live the Pueblo tribes, and the Jicarilla Apaches; to the west the San Carlos and White Mountain Apaches; while straddling the line between New Mexico and Arizona lies the great Navajo Reservation, with its score of thousands of neglected souls. To the south across the national border there stand waiting for the Gospel over five million of full-bloods in Mexico alone, and no man knows how many beyond in the countries of Central and South America. We have but skirmished with this larger Indian question. Towards the southwest lies the field of battle. Let us, too, get into the fight.”

Such was the letter, and the response to it was prompt and generous.

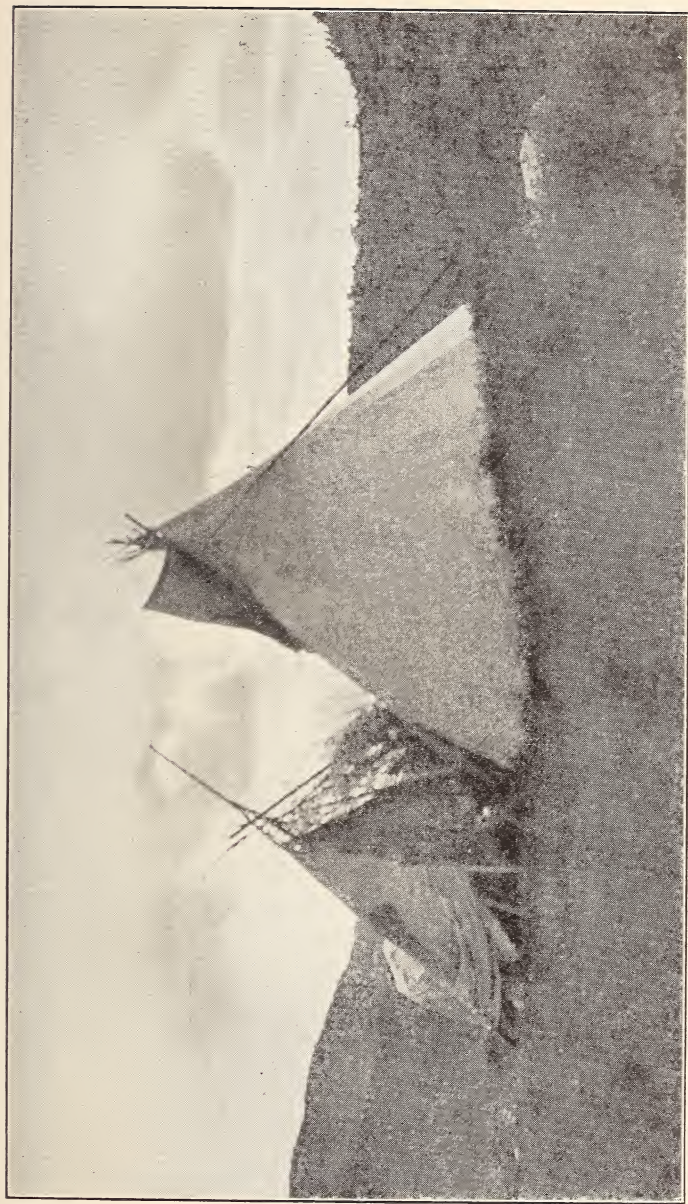
Early in November along the dreary road leading from Tularosa, New Mexico, over the desert to the mountains the mail-wagon pursued its placid way. The slow trampling of the mules scarcely disturbed the lizards sunning themselves in the fine, powdery, gray sand. The Mexican driver

sleepily watched his mules' sagging ears, but the solitary passenger beside him, Mr. Fincher, the new missionary to the Mescaleros, scanned everything with eager eyes keen for a sight of his Indians and his work. He marked the sharp shadows in the shallow ruts of the road, the spray-like tufts of grass, the gray prickly desert growth that covered the level floor from which the jagged barrier of the Sacramento Mountains uprose with all the rugged unexpectedness of some incongruous dream. His eyes searched the scarred, furrowed slopes for signs of life. At first he thought them bare of all foliage, but as the solemn progress of the mules brought him nearer, he saw the scattered stunted cedars and piñon bushes that fringed the lower reaches and above here and there the slender spire of some sentinel pine. After a time they entered a canyon, wide at first, but gradually growing narrow, till the mountains seemed to press upon the trail; up and up they climbed till a bend was reached and rounded and the agency lay in sight. The road wavered across the level of the valley that stretched flat as a pool between the rugged slopes of its encircling mountains to a line of buildings. On one hand a group of dingy smoke-stained tepees clung to a hillside, and on the road a white-nosed donkey, carrying two old women on his back, drew aside to let them pass. They had reached Mescalero.

He made his headquarters at the agency, but each Monday, rolling up bedding and provision for

himself and his horse, and lashing it securely to the back of his heavy saddle, he would set out with Solon, the interpreter, to find his people. Up the canyons from the agency, sometimes by a brawling mountain stream, sometimes following a narrowing trail through the forest where he had to dismount to crawl under, or make his way about some giant pine that had been uprooted to come crashing across the path, such might be his road to the camp he sought. Or it would lead up the mountainside higher and higher into the thin air along rocky wind-swept ridges where the ice came early and stayed late. Occasionally the missionary had to abandon his horse altogether and, shouldering his pack, make his way along on foot, sometimes in the worst places obliged to crawl on hands and knees. But at night he reached the mesa and the solitary tepee braced against the biting wind with the huddling shape of the sweat-lodge beside it. Then the welcome in bronzed wrinkled faces and the eager attention as all gathered about the flickering fire blotted out the memory of the hard trail.

He grew to know his Apaches as industrious, hard-working people to a degree amazing when he considered their surroundings. There was little incentive to labor, yet he found these men herders of cattle and sheep, tillers of fields, makers of roads, and members of the various gangs of workmen that by slow degrees were rebuilding the agency and the school. He watched them and wondered if white men, who had been placed in their situation



"The Solitary Tepee Braced Against the Biting Wind."



and limited by their inherited outlook, would have worked at all in a road so new and so incomprehensible.

Two years he worked among them—two busy years during which he built his house and a church and organized a membership of nineteen. He set himself to learning the Mexican Spanish which the Indians understood and he fairly lived in their camps. His diary was filled with brief picturesque glimpses of their lives. Here was an old woman washing her clothes, who laid her garments on a rock in a swirl of the Ruidoso's icy water and with her bare feet tramped up and down upon them beating out the dirt. Again he walked five miles up a canyon to see an Indian who had been accidentally shot. He found him lying with bandaged head on a bed of skins, and sat beside him talking while the old mother sat near by listening as she cooked the dinner of the blackest of black coffee, and dough fried in hot tallow. Another time he spent the night in an Indian hut where he could lie and see the frosty stars through the roof when the mercury was sixteen degrees below freezing and the only warmth came from a broken cook-stove; eating with the family soda-biscuits, fat meat and the inevitable black coffee, and sleeping with them where the rats and the polecats could run over their prone figures.

Everywhere are glimpses of how the people were taking his message. One old woman over eighty years of age rode ten miles over the mountain to

hear him when she knew he was coming even that near. One night he gathered a crowd of thirty about the great fire in the camp of Magoosh and, as he looked about the ring of brown faces, it came to him how much sorrow must lie hidden in those thirty lives. Looking thus, he had talked of the life everlasting lying beyond the threshold of death, and of an immortality of joy. Leaning forward, questioning, eager, they seized on the new idea. They often surprised him with the depth of their thought.

"White man!" said one Indian in explanation, "the Indian has just a few things to think about, so his mind travels a long way on these few things. But the white man has many things. His mind can go only a little way with each."

The missionary wondered if it were not so.

There were contradictory experiences standing side by side. A man came to the missionary for a Bible and when it was given to him, sat down in the sun and looked it through, turning the pages with reverent fingers, and then hugged it to his breast. The very same day the missionary had a long and fruitless talk trying to persuade an Indian who had been away to school four years that the trouble with his eyes could not have been caused by the "Witch Doctor" who had camped near by. He heard much of the "Witch Doctors" and found the belief in their power for sickness or even death a strange delusion to which old and young clung tenaciously.

In 1910, owing to family reasons and the pressure brought to bear by old friends, Mr. Fincher left the Indian work, and returned to his former field to the great regret of the Women's Board, which felt they could not spare so efficient a worker.

He was replaced by Mr. and Mrs. Harper, experienced Indian missionaries, who had been for some time at Colony. Shortly after they came, word was brought to the parsonage that old Manuella was very sick and likely to die. Mrs. Harper hurried out to the camp on the hillside to find the little shrivelled form of a white-haired old woman lying on a bed in a patched, tattered tepee. She was plainly in the grip of pleurisy, and the weight of more than ninety years made it a long fight to save her. Every day the missionary visited her with food and medicine doing all she knew for her comfort. Manuella watched from her bed and treasured it up in her heart. As soon as she was able to get about she set out for the parsonage, a tiny bent figure, leaning on a knotted staff much taller than herself. Finding Mrs. Harper, she offered her a dime, extending it in the hollow of her wrinkled palm.

"What is this for, Manuella?" asked the missionary.

"You took care of me," came the answer in Spanish. "I give it to you."

"No, Manuella, I took care of you because I love you. It is what I came here to do. I cannot take your money."

The old woman stood a moment fingering her dime, a bewildered look on her withered face. Then she nodded her white head and turning about, hobbled away. A few days later she returned with a beaming face, and this time handed the missionary a dollar, the entire amount of a month's income.

"I understand," she said. "You took care of me a great deal. I brought you very little. Now I bring you this."

Mrs. Harper tried to explain more clearly, telling the old woman of Jesus and how He loved the sick and helped them. He had told His children to do the same, she said.

"It is because we love you Indians, Manuella," she concluded. "You cannot pay us for love."

The little old Apache peered up into the missionary's face in silence for a while.

"You love me. I cannot pay you for love," she repeated. It was a new idea and her old eyes were full of wonder. At last she turned away the second time. It was several months before she came again, for her son was away from the agency almost all summer, but as soon as the family returned Manuella appeared, this time carrying a fairly heavy bundle. She came into the parsonage hall, and set it on the floor. Then she straightened up and gripping her staff, looked about her under the shade of one of her wrinkled hands, seeking with dim eyes for the missionary's wife. So Mrs. Harper found her.

"All summer I have been turning your words

over and over," she said. "My heart is full of love for you, because you took care of me when I was sick. Now I have brought you this to tell you of the love in my heart." So saying she undid her bundle, and shook out the most beautiful deerskin the missionary had ever seen, tanned as only an Indian woman could tan it.

The white woman gave an exclamation of surprise and pleasure as the soft brown skin unfolded. Old Manuella's face fairly blazed with joy as she caught the worker's hand and kissed it. She watched with nodding head while the deerskin was set in a place of honor, then she tapped away with her knotted staff, satisfied.

Every Sunday, morning and evening services were held in the church where a strange modification was made in seating arrangements to allow for a custom, known among many Indian tribes, but carried to an extreme by the Mescaleros, which made a meeting of a son-in-law with his mother-in-law a thing to be strenuously avoided. At first the mothers-in-law had met in a small anteroom, but this proving inconvenient, a curtain was put up shutting off a part of the main audience room and behind this screen the old women could sit and hear all that went on without any danger of looking into the eyes of their sons-in-law. This separation was part of all their lives. They could not share a daughter's comfortable home, for a man's tepee was open always to his own mother, but never to the mother of his wife. If she chose to be near her

daughter she must live in such a hut or shelter as she could provide herself, and miserable indeed such a shelter usually proved. This deep-rooted custom had to be regarded and by the curtain arrangement the meetings could usually proceed with decorum, although even then unforeseen embarrassment might arise. The missionaries would long remember the time of their first Christmas tree when Chokane got drunk. In spite of the fact that her son-in-law was interpreter she came boldly into the open part of the church and sat down. That would have been scandalous enough but worse was yet to come. When the minister's talk was in mid-flow, and the interpreter was repeating the phrases with eyes fixed sedulously on the floor, she arose and poured forth a torrent of abuse and scorn upon the unfortunate man. For a few moments all were too shocked to move, then some one got up and led her out. The strength of the interpreter's character was shown by the fact that in spite of the insult put upon him—to be so berated in public by a woman, and that woman his mother-in-law—he overcame his mortified rage and continued the service. There was not an Indian present who did not appreciate the greatness of his self-control.

In every Indian tribe there seems to be some intoxicant whose lure cannot be resisted which stands in the way of all progress. With many it is whiskey that plays the destroyer's rôle. With some it is the drug mescal, with the Mescaleros it is the native brew "tiswin." The old women are

the brewers of the tribe. They take corn and bury it deep in the earth till it shall have partially decayed. Then it is dug up and put through some secret process known only to the old women. When it is ready, they send out word and Indians come from far and near to purchase the "tiswin," at five cents a tin cupful. It is very intoxicating, so that an Indian may get drunk with very little. The Government has indeed forbidden the making of this drink but the selling of it is a source of income not to be despised, and therefore in some secluded spot the old women often meet to ply their traffic. Then the agent finds the Indians drunk and knows that tiswin is in the camp. At such times there is apt to be fighting, and riot let loose.

One summer evening four little boys came to the mission, and the workers, used to such visitations, got out some games and pictures to amuse them. For a time the children appeared satisfied but after a while the oldest came to Mrs. Harper.

"We are hungry," he said.

Thinking, as was often the case, that they were curious about the white man's food, Mrs. Harper led them in and seating them at the table, supplied each with a glass of lemonade and a piece of cake. They devoured it to the last crumb and then returned to the porch, where they continued to stay until so late that Mr. Harper finally told them that it was time now to go home to bed.

"We no go to bed," volunteered one of the boys, but the missionary paid no attention, except to

send them along. Later when the lights were out and the mission family had turned in for the night, sounds were heard on the front porch. Mr. Harper went down and opened the door. The porch chairs had been overturned and piled in a barricade across one corner where the vines threw a deep shadow, and there lay the four little boys on the floor with a hammock for a coverlet. Across the dark from the Indian camp came shouts and laughter and wild singing. The missionary sighed. They had gotten the "tiswin" again. Then he looked back at the children huddled under his hammock, the key to their strange behavior in his mind. Two of the boys had drinking parents, the others, their close intimates, were with them to keep them company. At last he spoke.

"Boys, do you want to sleep here to-night?"

Four little figures sat bolt upright.

"Yes! Yes!" they cried.

The missionary considered.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"We have no supper," was the answer. Mrs. Harper had by this time come to the door also. She now turned and went in search of something substantial to eat, which she soon brought back and handed out to the oldest boy who carefully divided it into equal shares. The children were still munching when Mr. Harper returned with some quilts to make them a bed in their barricaded corner, and, comforted, they slent peacefully until morning.

XIII

THE RELEASE

TWO distinctive lines of work these missionaries to the mountain Indians borrowed directly from the prairie Indian Missions and modified to meet their own peculiar needs—the camp-meeting and the social work of the Mohonk Lodge.

First, as to the camp-meeting. There was no such custom among the Mescaleros as the chief's entertainment of his counselling warriors¹ which prevailed among the prairie-tribes. The workers were loth to lose the undoubted help of a time of concentrated effort each year when the truth could be presented, and presented again and yet again, one impression following before the last had a chance to fade, until an imprint that might not be erased was made. This then was made the basis of the Mescalero modification of the camp-meeting idea. At the mountain-mission, services were held in the church every morning and evening for two weeks each year. The audiences gathered, the men with short hair and in citizen's dress, the women in loose hanging waists, full skirts, and moccasins and leggings—a very different crowd from the camp-meeting audience, in outward ap-

¹See pages 96 and 97.

pearance at any rate. But when the services began the similarity showed itself. There were the same listening, eager faces, the same hard, indifferent faces, the same crying of the babies, and crooning of old women, the earnest words of the preacher, and the strange explosive paraphrase of the interpreter. Elder Sanspuer here was the one who prayed for his people, and Solon and Detcheel were those who led the Indian meetings with their earnest talk. And always there was the singing which they loved.

The Indian Lodge grew out of just such needs as Mrs. Roe had found at Colony. Old women were left, abandoned without food or shelter. How were they to be cared for? The four little boys who took refuge from the horrors of the "tiswin"-crazy camp, what was to be done for such as they, when the winter made a bed on the porch impracticable? Then there was the little baby that died of pneumonia, although doctor and missionaries had struggled valiantly for her life, simply because a teepee could not afford the protection necessary. All these things and many more cried for a remedy, and the Indian Lodge was built.

As among the Comanches, no attempt was made to handle an industrial department, for that was efficiently carried on by the Mohonk Lodge at Colony which found a market for Mescalero products and supplied the women with work, but the house was built to meet the social needs. There was the common meeting room with stove, table



An Indian Lodge.



and cooking utensils ; there was the matron's room ; the hospital room ; the places for Indian families in case of need ; and lastly the bath-room and shower-bath so necessary here where icy mountain streams offer no opportunities for cleanliness. So the idea of the Mohonk Lodge, already a proved success among Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and Comanches, was to begin its work among the Mescaleros.

While this expansion and adaptation of methods was going on, schemes were on foot at Fort Sill and in Washington, destined to profoundly affect the mountain-mission.

* * * * *

It will be remembered that in 1897 the Kiowa, Comanche, and Kiowa-Apache Indians granted 28,000 acres of land¹ to be used for allotment of the Apache prisoners of war, by a treaty which also provided that in case the land were not so used it should revert to its original owners : namely, these three tribes. At the time there can be no doubt of the sincerity of purpose of the Government. A liberal appropriation was made and under Captain, now General, Scott, a régime was entered upon looking towards the individualization and eventual freedom of these Indian prisoners. But unfortunately the wise program was abandoned and the military rule was tightened until private initiative was choked and interest died, while discontent, especially among the educated element, grew.

¹ See above page 129.

Dr. Roe, writing from Washington, whither he had gone to fight for their rights, well sums up the condition :

“Those who understand the Indian know only too well that discouragement and discontent unnerve him for action, and lay him open to the onset of his besetting sins. When he ‘gets a bad heart,’ according to his own vernacular, the whole world goes bad for him. This happened at Fort Sill. These prisoners of war, ‘seeing no way out,’ as they express it, and chafing under captivity, have lost zest even in their own affairs, and have become an easy prey to drunkenness, gambling, and immorality. . . . As an offset against such personal and tribal demoralization as this, it is futile, if not base, to balance up a communal herd of 7,000 cattle and tribal assets amounting to \$162,000. These things, however good in themselves, are hardly compensation for the degradation of the manhood and womanhood of the owners.

“But, you say, it is incredible that these people are still held as prisoners of war! It seems incredible, but it is certainly so. For twenty-six years they have been held in captivity. The committee of investigation (appointed from their own number) after stating that there are one hundred and twelve children whose parents have never fought against the Government, closes its report with these pathetic words :

“ ‘There are only six Apaches living who fought against the Government. We and our children

are held here as prisoners of war which we feel is unjust. Some of our band, who are held in captivity instead of fighting against the Government, were enlisted in the United States army and helped it. It tends to make our people restless and discouraged, feeling the great injustice done them.'

"It will be literally true that the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, if this thing goes on much longer.

"Furthermore, their captivity is not merely nominal or constructive, as is sometimes claimed, but very real, even though they are not in shackles or surrounded by prison walls. They must report day by day to the officer in charge for assignment of work. They may not leave the reservation for more than a few hours without permission, nor enter into business arrangements of their own. No member of another tribe will marry into their captivity, so that now they must marry 'in and in,' to the detriment of their offspring. No home with even a trifling plot of ground which they may love and beautify can be assured to them. To be denied freedom, independence, love, home—is this not captivity *de facto* ?

"'How has this thing been possible ?' The explanation is summed up in one word—*land*. Long ago the Apaches would have been set free had not that act involved the settlement of their land rights. With the coming and going of the Span-

ish War, the martial spirit awoke, the army was expanded, and Fort Sill, instead of being abandoned, was enlarged to a regimental post at a cost of \$1,250,000, while plans were conceived and drawn for its development into an immense brigade establishment. For the execution of these ambitious designs, it was deemed necessary not only to retain the 23,240 acres of the original military reservation intended for the Apaches, but also to absorb the 28,000 acres given by the Kiowas, Comanches, and Kiowa-Apaches specifically 'for the permanent settlement thereon of the Apache prisoners of war.' To this end there have been repeated propositions looking to the transportation of the band to some Western reservation with scant regard for the rights of the Indians. Unfortunately the old-time element among them, drawn by the 'call of the wild' and the traditions of the past, as well as the longing to escape from captivity at any cost, have coöperated with this plan at manifestly their disadvantage. The most potent factor at present, however, in preventing justice to these long-suffering people, is found in the clamorous opposition of the white population of the region. They want the country settled with taxable white people instead of Indian allottees on inalienable lands.

"A few months ago, at a tribal council, about one hundred and forty elected to go to Mescalero, New Mexico, to be settled there on equal terms with their cousins, the Mescalero Apaches, while

about ninety-five, representing the most progressive element, chose to remain at Fort Sill. Legislation adapted to the wishes of both of these parties is now being framed, and it is the earnest hope of all friends of the Indian that the Sixty-second Congress will bring an end to a régime so anomalous and unjust."

It might be interesting to state that the proposition as submitted to the tribal council above-mentioned was: who would choose to go *free* to Mescalero, and who to remain *captive* at Fort Sill. Nothing was said of the alternative to remain in freedom at Fort Sill. Considering this, it is scarcely to be wondered at that only the progressive element, sufficiently educated to know their rights, could see that here was any choice at all. It was largely due to the efforts of Dr. Roe, representing this progressive element and fighting for their rights, that the clause adapted to their wishes was inserted in the proposed legislation. He remained in Washington watching over the progress of the bill and stirring up public opinion in the matter all through the winter and spring, in spite of repeated warnings as to the danger of the northern winter climate. He won his cause, but he paid the price, for one month before the Apaches were finally released, their champion died.

On April 1, 1913, the band was given their release and such freedom as other Indians, wards of the Government, may enjoy. At that time the eighty who elected to remain were transferred to the care

of the Comanche Mission at Lawton, the Apache buildings were closed and abandoned, and two of the workers there went with the hundred and seventy who, with their cattle and household goods, set out for New Mexico. There are two accounts of the journey and the arrival, one written by Mr. Sluyter, the missionary to the Comanches who accompanied them to Mescalero, and the other by Mr. Harper who received them.

Mr. Sluyter's account runs thus :

"The announcement that the Apaches were to be given their liberty caused no little uneasiness on the part of some people who had not kept abreast with the movement of events, for they actually were persuaded to believe that soon there would be turned loose upon them a band of wild men whose chief delight would be to destroy and plunder. One of the senators in Washington aided in creating this impression. This false idea and the danger which confronted several cattle barons who have fattened their pocketbooks by leasing for a small sum large tracts of the Mescalero Reservation, made feeling somewhat bitter against the removal of the Apaches to that reservation. All manner of threats had been circulated against the attempt on the part of the Government to carry out their plan.

"On April 2d, the day set for the removal, the writer of this article was in Lawton making some final preparations for accompanying the Apaches to their new home, when he was accosted by T. E. Brents, special enforcement officer from the Interior

Department. We compared notes and agreed that we could look for anything but a smooth journey to Mescalero. The threats and intense hatred, based on ignorance, might show themselves in bombs or thrown switches.

"At four o'clock Wednesday afternoon the special train of five tourist cars, eight freight and stock cars and two baggage cars pulled out of the Fort Sill Station. Beside the 170 Apaches on board there were Major Goode, who has had charge of the prisoners of war the last two years, Sergeant Branch, one of the major's aides, a doctor, a nurse, three private soldiers, Mr. Brents, the writer of this article, Miss Hospers and Miss Prince—the latter three are workers identified with the Reformed Church Mission at Fort Sill. Miss Hospers and Miss Prince are appointees of the Women's Board of Domestic Missions and transferred from the Fort Sill Mission to the Mescalero Mission.

"At Tucumari, N. M., the first stop of importance was made. Here the train was greeted by crowds of people who thronged around the station to get a glimpse of the famous Geronimo band. Young and old, rich and poor, white and black—all were there. The schools had been dismissed for the occasion. Those who knew (?) pointed out Miss Hospers and Miss Prince as daughters or captives of Geronimo. The wife of Geronimo was with us but she kept herself quite in the background. Such bead-work as the Indians had was bought up eagerly by the sightseers.

"It was on Thursday night that an incident happened which for a time seemed to justify a precaution I had taken before leaving Oklahoma, to leave on my desk such instructions as might prove valuable in case of accident or treachery ; for, some time after we had retired for the night, we were awakened by an Apache coming into our car talking excitedly to the forms hidden by the berth curtains. In a moment heads stuck out of each berth and the first sight which greeted our eyes was an ugly wound on the head of our porter bleeding profusely. The Indian explained that there had been a fight on one of the other cars. It was some time before it was made plain to us that two porters had come together, and that it was a matter for the Pullman conductor and not for a display of arms in the defense of life and limbs.

"It was a great relief to the Mescalero agent, C. S. Jefferies, his deputies, and our missionary, Rev. R. H. Harper, to see the headlight of the special train come in sight about 2 : 30 o'clock Friday morning. In a remarkably short time the horses were unloaded and fed. The closest vigilance was kept up the remainder of the night.

"A large camp of Mescalero Indians awaited our coming to truck household goods, baggage, etc., up the winding road for eighteen miles to the Mescalero agency, situated 6,600 feet above sea-level.

"At different angles in the road one could get a view of the long caravan of loaded wagons. It was an inspiring sight and to us it gave a thrill of

satisfaction to know that we were accompanying a band of Indians not cut-throats, but men, women, and children, clothed and in their right mind, a model lot, and in the words of the government special enforcement agent, 'the best bunch of Indians in the country.' He referred to the ninety-five souls belonging to the band left in Oklahoma as well as to those now drawing near to the home of their choice.

"The Reformed Church at Mescalero was strengthened from the band Sunday, April 6th, by eighty-nine members in full communion and their baptized children. The Fort Sill Apaches will be an inspiration and a help to the less civilized Apaches of Mescalero."

The satisfactory ending was not yet, however. The newcomers were herded in a camp by the agency where they lived in heat and dust to await the unrolling of yards of red tape necessary before they could be taken to their permanent location at White Tail Canyon. Mr. Jefferies hurried matters as fast as he could but the delay came from higher up. At first the Indians were very patient, the men reporting at once for work and riding off to work on roads, set up the telephone poles to White Tail, or herded sheep, while the women cheerfully bore the burden and heat of the dusty camp—a burden made heavier by the fact that the horses had to be sent to White Tail to graze, there being no grass at the agency, and there was no help in the tasks of hauling wood and water. But

as days stretched into weeks and the weeks filled out a month and more the spirit of the Indians changed. Drinking and gambling sprang up again as the young men lapsed into inaction, sullen with hope deferred. The old war chief, Naiche, alone now in the leadership of his people, Geronimo being dead, stood firmly against the growing discontent and the older stronger men rallied about him.

Then came the move to White Tail at last. But even then vexations were not ended. It was true that the springs had been opened up so that water was available—for the hauling. But not a house had been built, for the machinery for the sawmill had only just arrived and been installed. A little lumber had been sawed, but none was dressed or dried nor was there much prospect of its being in suitable condition for use before winter. Part of the grazing land, which the Indians had been led to expect would be for the use of their cattle, had been re-leased to white men, and worst of all the money to be realized from the sale of their herd of 7,000 at Fort Sill, which was to be turned into the purchase of cattle at Mescalero, was not forthcoming. Major Goode had been to Washington to secure the transfer of this cattle-money to an individual fund from which the Indians might draw, and had deposited it in the Treasury, but somewhere it had disappeared. Every morning Naiche, who was holding his people to their work with an iron grip, rode up to the agency to see if it had come, and every morning

he returned, a pathetic figure in his stoical disappointment, to face the jeers of his waiting camp.

Late in August came a belated payment and twelve hundred cattle were bought as against the seven thousand left behind. After that things were on the mend. The Indians, inured to injustice, accepted the inevitable. When all was said and done they were thankful for their liberty, so Naiche and his party won the day. Then it was that the old war chief lined out for his people their new battle-field.

"The Christian road is not an easy road," he said to them in one of the meetings in the church at Mescalero. "There are hard things sometimes. But we all understand there is work we have to do. We cannot understand all at once. We learn slowly, but after a while we will understand. I think God sent us here to help our Mescalero Indians on to the Jesus road. We must be thinking God sent us here for that, and we must work."

In producing one man with such a spirit the Apache Mission at Fort Sill would have justified its being. But there were others and the Mescalero Indians were to feel their power. Already they were singing the Christian songs which Naiche's Indians had set to the haunting cadences of native airs. Now they were to hear of this Jesus road from new missionaries who spoke not Spanish but Apache, the strange difficult tongue that no white man can fully learn—Apache, the language of their hearts.

XIV

TOWARDS THE SOUTHWEST

IN the spring of 1914 the Board of Domestic Missions took over, as a memorial to Dr. Roe, a mission which had been carried on for two years and a half by private enterprise among a tribe which had long claimed his interest, the Jicarilla Apaches. He had heard of them first, when on a visit to New Mexico, looking for a site for a sanitarium for Indian victims of tuberculosis, as a peculiarly neglected branch of the great Apache family. In March, 1911, with Mr. Kincaide, manager of the Mohonk Lodge, he visited them. He found a tribe located on a mountain reservation, with poor land, no work and in dire need, surrounded by ignorant Mexicans whom they regarded with fixed and indomitable hostility bred of memories of outrage and oppression. They were absolute pagans, all.

By November of that same year wealthy friends had been interested and a worker was sent out. The young man found the Indians in a condition of want that seems to baffle description.

"The way the snow drives down these canyons is terrible," he writes. "And these Indians, it is awful the way they have to live. I can hardly



Towards the South-West.



stand it. They have no land to work. They have no employment given them. They have absolutely no money given them. They are not half-fed for this kind of weather, and no clothes at all are issued to them. Many are dying—the government men say of consumption—but the fact is, no more, no less, they are dying for sheer lack of food and clothing. I know I would die in ten days with their clothing on and twice as much as they have to eat. I know this from experience with the weather.

“It makes my heart bleed to see their distress. With these things you sent me I rode through their camps and went into their homes yesterday, and an hour of greater pain I think I never passed through. To see their eyes looking so hungrily out of their shivering bodies at all my new fine heavy things and at me in them, so warm and comfortable! At times I felt as if I must tear them off to give them to them.

“Their hearts are warm and receiving, they always want me to come, but oh, their poverty and actual suffering are indescribable. . . .

“I am no fanatic; you know this. But I have a pair of eyes that see, ears that are not deaf to groans of physical pain, and a heart that cannot help feeling that this is no square deal to our Red Brother. It is crime.”

This was a need to be met first if there was to be any hope of getting past the wretched bodies to the minds within, and boxes of warm clothing were

sent out. Thus reënforced, the worker went out into the camps to appeal to the hearts within. It was up-hill work, for while outwardly receptive and eager, they seemed to lack the vigor of mind to seize on a new idea. But there were the children who were different, one hundred and twenty-two at the agency school at Dulce, twenty-six in the day-school at La Jara, twenty miles away. Of their needs one of the school employees wrote when the Reformed Church was considering the assumption of responsibility :

"I feel that much could be done with the young people. We have several fine boys now on the reservation who see nothing that induces right living, and whose ambitions are being killed because there is nothing for them to do but (hang) around the Trader's store as their relatives do and wait for something to drop in their way.

"I do not feel a church alone is our need : we need a mission in every sense of the word. We need some place where our girls can go when in trouble or in need of help, and find work and shelter. That you people do have this kind of missions I have been told and I think no field in the whole world is so sadly in need of this kind of help."

The appeal was heard and for the sake of their missionary who had always set his face towards the southwest, the field has been taken over.

The generation of Indians belonging to those whose life stories move across the pages of this

book is passing swiftly from us. Among them are many steadfast followers of the new "Road." Their lives can speak of the courage and quiet strength of purpose that are changing the miserable conditions of the camps. A new rank presses on. They are hampered by inherited superstition, many are enchained and weakened by the drug habit of Mescal worship, many handicapped by an insufficient education. But among them are gifted, eager youths reaching out to us for help and guidance. We know the inadequacy of all but God's own Truth to meet such need. They are beginning to know this in part, and to feel out for something to build their lives upon that will not slip away beneath them as in their tragic past.

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